THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IX.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

Preface to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never ſtal'd with the ſtage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet paſſing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you ſhould ſee all thoſe grand cenſors, that now ſtile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: eſpecially this authors commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerve for the moſt common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, ſhewing ſuch a dexteritie and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all ſuch dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-ſelves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte ſet upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and ſuch ſavored ſalt of witte is in his commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea that brought forth Venus. Amongſt all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much as will make you think your teſterne well beſtowd) but for ſo much worth, as even poore I know to be ſtuft in it. It deſerves ſuch a labour, as well as the beſt commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of ſale, you will ſcramble for them, and ſet up a new Engliſh inquiſition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleaſures loſſe, and judgements, refuſe not, nor like this the leſſe, for not being ſullied with the ſmoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the ſcape it hath made amongſt you. Since by the grand poſſeſſors wills I believe you ſhould have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And ſo I leave all ſuch to bee prayd for (for the ſtates of their wits healths) that will not praiſe it. *Vale.*

PRO

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes [1] *orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,*
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: [2] *Priam's six-gated city*
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan,
And Antenoridas) with massy staples,

And

[1] *The princes* orgillous,——] Orgillous, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cueur de Lyon:*

"His atyre was *orgulous.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ———*Priam's six-gated city,*
(Dardan and Timbria, Helias, *Chetas, Troien,*
And Antenonidus) *with massie staples,*
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Stirre *up the sons of Troy.*———] This has been a most miserably mangled passage through all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's *six-gated city stirre* up the sons of Troy?—Here's a verb *plural* governed of a nominative *singular*. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said *to stir* up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy, and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense

my

And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts [3],
Sperrs up the sons of Troy.——

Now

my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend* by *bars*, &c. THEOBALD.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 10:
"The other that was entred, labour'd fast
"To *sperre* the gate, &c."

Again, in the romance of the *Squhr of lowe Degre*:
"*Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynne."

And in the Visions of P. Plowman it is said that a blind man "*unsparryd* his eine."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. chap. 12:
"When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates."

Again, in the 2nd Part of Bale's *Actes of Eng. Votaryes*: "The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne." STEEVENS.

"Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne
"Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne:
"The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,
"Largest also | and moste pryncypall,
"Of myghty byldyng | alone pereless,
"Was by the kinge called | Dardanydes;
"And in storye | lyke as it is founde,
"Tymbria | was named the seconde;
"And the thyrde | called Helyas,
"The fourthe gate | hyghte also Cetheas;
"The fyfthe Trojana, | the syxth Anthenydes,
"Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes."
Lond. empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailes in open Field against the Greciars; wherein there were slaine on both Sides* Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men.——Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other critics, have erroneously quoted as the *original*; and observe in consequence, that "if Chaucer's *coin* were of *greater weight* for *deeper learning*, Lydgate's were of a more *refined standard* for *purer language*: so that one might mistake him for a modern writer." FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall insert quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

[3] ——fulfilling *bolts*,] To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there

PROLOGUE.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
[4] *A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence*
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,——
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er [5] *the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,*
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

"A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
"*Fulfilled* of all curtosie."

Again:

"*Fulfilled* of all unkindship." STEEVENS.

[4] *A prologue arm'd,*——] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.
JOHNSON.

[5] ——*the vaunt*——] i. e. the *avant*, what went before.
STEEVENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Priam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Calchas
Antenor,
} *Trojans.*

Margarelon, *a baſtard ſon of Priam.*

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
} *Greeks.*

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*
Andromache, *wife to Hector.*
Caſſandra, *daughter to Priam, a propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Alexander, *Creſſida's ſervant.*
Boy, page to Troilus.
Servant to Diomed.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other attendants.

SCENE, Troy, *and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

TROY.

Priam's palace.



Enter Pandarus, and Troilus.

Troi. Call here my varlet [a], I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That

[a] The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph*: "Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakespeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Strasburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and

 Cressida

That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is maſter of his heart,
Let

Creſſida famous, which very probably might have been Shakeſpeare's inducement to try their fortune on the ſtage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynſon, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wiſe, between *Troilus* and *Creſſida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Creſſida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The firſt of theſe entries is in the name of Edward White, the ſecond in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the hiſtory of Troilus and Creſſida."
STEEVENS.

Troilus and Creſſida.] Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without Shakeſpeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politic, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakeſpeare's plays thought it their intereſt to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the concluſion, theſe words: "Thank fortune for the 'ſcape it hath made among you, ſince, by the grand poſſeſſors wills, I believe you ſhould rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand poſſeſſors*, I ſuppoſe, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouſes at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malecontent*, written by Webſter, and augmented by Marſton, 1606, is the following paſſage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having intereſt in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo ſexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome actors, who think it againſt their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practiſed by writers as well as actors. It ſtands on record againſt *Robert Green*, the author

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended[3]?
Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

thor of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted *eleven copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*my* varlet,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "—diverse were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the churchyard of saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,
"Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec son espé et salloche, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darius*, 1565:

"Will not yet *this geere be amended*,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

Tamer

Tamer than sleep, [4] fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
[5] And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench [6] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

[4] ——fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childish. WARBURTON.

[5] *And skill-less* &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

[6] *Doth lesser* blench——] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

"———if he but *blench*,
"I know my course——"

Again, in the *Pilgrim* by B. and Fletcher:

"———men that will not totter,
"Nor *blench* much at a bullet." STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more compariſon between the women,—But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her,—But I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe:——O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, [7] and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'ſt me,

[7] ——*and ſpirit of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of ploughman!——] *In compariſon with* Creſſid's *hand*, ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*, the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquiſite power of ſenſibility, which implies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as Scaliger ſays in his *Exercitations*, reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and inſenſible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:
——ſpite *of ſenſe:*
Hanmer,
——to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe.*
It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs in *ſpite of ſenſe*; for though he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNSON.

As

As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay—I love her;
But, ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, [8] ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen: an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on ſunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to ſtay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

[8] —*ſhe has the mends*—] She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of coſmetics. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the beſt of a bad bargain.*

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:
"I ſhall ſtay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*"

Again, in S. Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of ſtripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*"

Again, in the *Wild-Gooſe Chace*, by B. and Fletcher:
"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the ſurgeon's."
STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides! Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant; and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Troi. Becauſe not there; This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may.*—
But, to the ſport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne.

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A ſtreet.

Enter Creſſida, and Alexander her ſervant.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to the eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battle. [9] Hector, whoſe patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and ſtruck his armourer;
And, like as there were huſbandry in war,
[1] Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,
And

[9] ——*Hector, whoſe patience*
Is, as a virtue, *fix'd,*——] Patience ſure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read:

Is as *the virtue* fix'd,——

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddeſs Patience itſelf. So we find Troilus a little before ſaying:

Patience herſelf, what *goddeſs* ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this falſe reading, altered it with judgment to:

—— —— whoſe patience
Is fix'd like that of heaven.

Which he would not have done had he ſeen the right reading here given, where his thought is ſo much better and nobler expreſſed.
WARBURTON.

I think the preſent text may ſtand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and conſtant. If I would alter it, it ſhould be thus:

——Hector, whoſe patience
Is *all* a virtue fix'd,——

All, in old Engliſh, is the *intenſive* or enforcing particle.
JOHNSON.

[1] *Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs'd* light,] *Does the poet mean*

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

mean (says Mr. Theobald) *that Hector had put on light armour?* mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's *Jerusalem*:

"The other princes put on *harness light*
"As footmen use ———— "

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sun-rise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd light?* Was any thing like it? But to get out of this perplexity, he tells us, that *a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary*, and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense through the critic's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, *to make all construction unnecessary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day, than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games, as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that Shakespeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of king Priamus. Shakespeare might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus B. 6. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

"——From *horse* then both descend." STEEVENS.

A lord

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Serv. They say he is a very man [2] *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, [3] that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair [4]: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

[2] —*per se*,—] So in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:
"Of faire Cresseide the floure and *a per se*
"Of Troie and Greece."

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily beguiled*:
"In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee *a per se a*."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:
"That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all."
STEEVENS.

[3] —*that his valour is* crushed into folly,—] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

[4] —*against the hair*:] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The French say—*à contrepoil*.
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. [1] Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at [2] Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

[1] *Good morrow, cousin, Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow,* Alexander.—*How do you, cousin?*—] *Good morrow, Alexander,* is added in all the editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressid's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*. THEOBALD.

[2] —*Ilium?*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herſelf ſwore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus ſhould have too much: if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry Greek [3], indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him the other day into the [4] compaſs'd window,—and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetic may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter [5]?

Pan.

[3] ——*a merry Greek,*——] *Græcari* among the Romans ſignified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*compaſs'd window,*—] The *compaſs'd window* is the ſame as the *bow-window.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*ſo old a* lifter?] The word *lifter* is uſed for a *thief* by Green, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the paſſage may be ſuppoſed to turn. We ſtill call a perſon who plunders ſhops, a *ſhop-lifter*. Jonſon uſes the expreſſion in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"One other peculiar virtue you poſſeſs is, *lifting*."

Again,

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:——But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:
"——cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."
Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:
"Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*." STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true; make no queſtion of that. [6] *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.* Jupiter! quoth ſhe, *which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was ſuch laughing! and Helen ſo bluſh'd, and Paris ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſs'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward Ilium? good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by

[6] Two, *and fifty hairs,*—] I have ventured to ſubſtitute *one and fifty*, I think with ſome certainty. How elſe can the number make out Priam and his fifty ſons? THEOBALD.

their names, as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor paſſes over.

Pan. [7] That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' the ſoundeſt judgment in Troy, whoſoever; and a proper man of perſon:—When comes Troilus?—I'll ſhew you Troilus anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, [8] the rich ſhall have more.

Hector

[7] *That's Antenor; he has a ſhrewd wit,*——]

"Anthenor was ——————
"Copious in words, and one that much time ſpent
"To jeſt, when as he was in companie,
"So driely, that no man could it eſpie;
"And therewith held his countenaunce ſo well,
"That every man received great content
"To heare him ſpeake, and pretty jeſts to tell,
"When he was pleaſant, and in merriment:
"For tho' that he moſt commonly was ſad,
"Yet in his ſpeech ſome jeſt he always had."

Lidgate, p. 105.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the* rich *ſhall have more.*] To *give one the nod*, was a phraſe ſignifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this ſenſe, alluding to the expreſſion *give*, and ſhould be read thus:

——*the* mich *ſhall have more.*

i. e. *much*. He that has much folly already ſhall then have more. This was a proverbial ſpeech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford editor* alters it to:

——*the* reſt *ſhall have* none. WARBURTON.

I wonder

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gal-

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. Hanmer appears not to have understood the passage. That to *give the nod* signifies to *set a mark of folly*, I do not know; the allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that *a noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies.

So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617: "Master Frankford best play at *Noddy*." Again, in the *Insatiate Countess*, 1631:

"—— Be honest now and not love's *noddy*,
"Turn'd up and play'd on whilst thou keep'st the stock."

Again, in *Hide-Park*, by Shirley, 1637:

"He is upon the matter then fifteen;
"A game at *noddy*." STEEVENS.

 lant

lant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!——Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's[9]: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and,

[9] ——*his helm more hack'd than Hector's*;—] So in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. 640:

"His *helme to hewin* was in twenty places, &c."

STEEVENS.

I war-

I warrant, Helen, to change, would give [1] an eye to boot.

Enter soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die 'i the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye [2],—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; [3] upon my

[1] —— *an eye to boot.*] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, give *money* to boot. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *no* date *in the pye,*——] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

Again, in *All's well that ends well,* act I.

"—— your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*upon my wit, to defend my* wiles;——] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

Upon my wit to defend my *will.*

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. [4] At your own houſe; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]: I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the ſame token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thouſand fold I ſee
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, [5] joy's ſoul lies in the doing:

[4] *At your own houſe; there he unarms him.*] Theſe neceſſary words are added from the quarto edition. Pope.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.* Johnson.

[5] —*joy's ſoul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

——the *ſoul's joy* lies in doing. Johnson.

That

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
[6] That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——
Atchievement is, command; ungain'd, beseech:
[7] Then though [8] my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Grecian camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought

[6] *That she*——] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

[7] *Then though*——] The quarto reads *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

[8] *my heart's* content——] *Content*, for *capacity*. WARBURTON.

That

That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a [9] broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. [1] With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, [2] Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her [3] patient breast, making their way

[9] *Broad*] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

[1] *With due observance of thy* goodly *seat*,] *Goodly* is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—*to thy* godly *seat*: *godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?

So *godlike seat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders. THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has:

——the *godlike* seat. JOHNSON.

[2] *Nestor shall* apply
Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*patient breast*,——] The quarto not so well:
——*ancient* breast. JOHNSON.

[4] With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize [5],
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, [6] the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
[7] Returns to chiding fortune.

[4] *With those of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusedly express'd:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
"Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
"Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus
"Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri."

Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *by the* brize] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——Have ye got the *brize* there?
"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612:

"I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the thing of courage*,] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. HANMER.

[7] Returns *to chiding fortune*.] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To Agamemnon.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—
[*To Nestor.*
I give to both your [a] speeches,—which were such,
As

[a] ——*speeches,—which were such,*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should——*knit all Greekish ears*
To his experienc'd tongue:——] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence, strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and public records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

"——It deserves *with characters of brass*
"A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
"And razure of oblivion."——

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

"——*thatch* your poor thin roofs
"With burthens of the dead————."

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*: and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, vol. II. p. 90:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him.——"

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

——*a bond of* air, *strong as the axle-tree*
On which the heavens ride;——

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

——*a bond of* awe.

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

"————— his face
" Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick."

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *hatch'd* in blood."

Again, literally, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,————
" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
" *With silver*——"

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEEVENS.

As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air (ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great,—and wiſe,—to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

[9] *Agam.* Speak prince of Ithaca; and be't of leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſic, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
[1] The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
[2] When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
[3] The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,

[9] Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[1] *The ſpecialty of rule*——] The particular rights of ſupreme authority. JOHNSON.

[2] *When that the general* is not like *the hive*,] The meaning is, *When the general is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repoſitory of the ſtock, of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed. JOHNSON.

[3] *The heavens themſelves*,——] This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in Hooker: "If celeſtial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way; and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves; what would become of man?"

The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, then in vogue, is the center of the ſolar ſyſtem. WARBURTON.

Obſerve

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: [4] But, when the planets,

[4] ——*But, when the planets,*
In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

"For who so list into the heavens looke,
"And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
"Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
"Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
"They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
"For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
"Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
"Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
"And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

"And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
"So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
"That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
"Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
"So now all *range*, and do *at randon rove*
"Out of their proper places far away,
"And all this world with them amisse doe move,
"And all his creatures from their course astray,
"Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Fairy Queen, B. V. c. i.
STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

In evil mixture, to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates [5]
Quite from their fixure? [6] O, when degree is ſhak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
[7] The enterprize is ſick! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and [8] brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.

[5] ——married *calm of ſtates*] The epithet married, which is uſed to denote an intimate union, is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Milton:

" ———Lydian airs
" *Married* to immortal verſe."

Again,

" ——voice and verſe
" *Wed* your divine ſounds."

Shakeſpeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*O, when degree is ſhak'd,*] I would read:
——*So when degree is ſhak'd.* JOHNSON.

[7] *The enterprize*——] Perhaps we ſhould read:
Then *enterprize is ſick*!——— JOHNSON.

[8] ———*brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations, companies, *confraternities.* JOHNSON.

Then

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
[9] That by a pace goes backward, [1] with a purpose
It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and [2] bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action

9 *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

1 ——*with a purpose*
It hath to climb:——] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

2 ——*bloodless emulation*:] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
[3] Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.*——
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;——[4] as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling[5] on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:——and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;*—

[3] *Thy* topless *deputation*——] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; supreme; sovereign. JOHNSON.
So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:
"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
"And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?"
Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:
"And *topless* honours be bestow'd on thee." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*as near as the extremest ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*a palsy fumbling*——] This should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytic fumbling. TYRWHITT.

Or

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
[6] All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two [7] to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and [8] bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
[9] How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall pre-science, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

[6] *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,*
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, &c.] All our good *grace exact*, means our *excellence irreprehensible.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——*to make paradoxes.*] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:
——— *to make* parodies. JOHNSON.

[8] ———*bears his head*
In such a rein,——] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles.* JOHNSON.

[9] *How* rank *soever rounded in with danger.*] A *rank weed* is a *high weed.* The modern editions silently read:
How hard *soever*——— JOHNSON.

When fitneſs calls them on; [1]and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his [2]kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than [3]Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
[4]A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks

Know

[1] ———*and know, by meaſure*
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies weight,—] I think it were better to read:

———*and know* the *meaſure,*
By *their obſervant toil,* of *th' enemies' weight.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*kingly* ears?] The quarto:
——*kingly* eyes. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Achilles' arm*] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:
———*Alcides' arm.* JOHNSON.

[4] *A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks*] And yet this was the ſeventh year of the war. Shakeſpeare, who ſo wonderfully preſerves character, uſually confounds the cuſtoms of all nations, and probably

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And [5] bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

bably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.

Shakespeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of king Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. STEEVENS.

[5] *—bid the cheek—*] So the folio. The quarto has:
—on the cheek— JOHNSON.

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpets sound.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and [6] long-continu'd truce
Is [7] rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress [8] more than in confession,
(With truant vows [9] to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

[6] —*long-continued truce*] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*rusty*—] Quarto, *resty.* JOHNSON.

[8] —*more than in confession,*] *Confession,* for *profession.* WARBURTON.

[9] —*to her own lips he loves)*] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

He

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, [1] and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
[2] And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

[1] ——*and not worth*
The splinter of a lance.——] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

[2] *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——perufe his armour,
"The dint's still in the *vantbrace*." STEEVENS.

Aga. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
[3] Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to its maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a [5] nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. [6] The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose

[3] *Be you my time* &c.] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *the seeded pride*, &c.] Shakespeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."——"It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharasaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

[5] —*nursery*—] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. JOHNSON.

[6] *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*
Whose grossness little characters sum up:] That is, the purpose is

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
[7] And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a [8] scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. So in the prologue to *K. Henry* V:

—a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million.

The *gross sum* is a term used in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

[7] *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

I do not strain *at the position.*

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

[8] —*scantling*] That is, a *measure*, *proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

And

And in such indexes, although [9] small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
[1] Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should [2] share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush

[9] —*small pricks*] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

[1] *Which entertain'd,*—] These two lines are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[2] —*share*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNSON.

In

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax[3] draw
The sort[4] to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
[5] Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] —*blockish Ajax*—] Shakespeare on this occasion has deserted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

"Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*, &c."
"Who did so much in eloquence abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."

Again:

"And one that *hated pride and flattery*, &c."

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as "strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor pollaticke." STEEVENS.

[4] *The sort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

[5] *Must tarre the mastiffs on,*—] *Tarre*, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, act IV. sc. i.

"———like a dog
"Snatch at his master that doth *tar* him on." POPE.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.[6]

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax, and Therſites.

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. And thoſe boils did run?——Say ſo,——did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him; I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. [7]The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord[8]!

Ajax. [9]Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak: I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther.

[6] ACT II.] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

[7] *The plague of Greece*——] Alluding perhaps to the plague ſent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

[8] ——beef-witted *lord!*] So in *Twelfth-Night:*
"——I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak:*] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, was *unſalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'ſt* leaven. This, it is true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a ſenſe apt and conſonant to what Ajax would ſay, *unwinnow'dſt leaven.*

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab [1] in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness,

leaven.——" Thou lump of sour dough, kneaded up out of a flower unpurged and unsifted, with all the dross and bran in it.—"

THEOBALD.

Speak then, thou whinid'st *leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies: it should be *windyest*, i. e. most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with Thersites' character. WARBURTON.

Hanmer preserves *whinid'st*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *vinew'd*, that is *mouldy leaven*. Thou composition of *mustiness* and *sourness*.——Theobald's assertion, however confident, is false. *Unsalted* leaven is in the old quarto. It means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakespeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: " Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *in Greece.*] The quarto adds these words: *when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.*

JOHNSON.

as

as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, [2] ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf [3]!

Ther. He would [4] pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. [5] Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; [6] an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou

[2] ——ay *that thou bark'st at him.*] I read, *O* that thou *bark'dst at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

[3] *Cobloaf!*] A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

[4] ——pun *thee into shivers* ——] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound.* JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxviii. ch. 12: "——*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, b. xxix. ch. 4. "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

[5] *Thou stool for a witch!*—] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. Dr. GRAY.

[6] ——*an* assinego ——] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Hanmer, for an *ass-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

" ————————the stout trusty blade,
" That at one blow has cut an *asinego*
" Asunder like a thread."———

" This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian shamsheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal,

thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an ideot: "They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

"—all this would be forsworn, and I again an *asinego*, as your sister left me." STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a *little ass*. MUSGRAVE.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,——I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther I ſay, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to ſtrike him, Achilles interpoſes.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, Therſites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Even ſo?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therſites?

Ther.

Ther. There's Ulysses and old [1] Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace [2] when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

[1] —*Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere their grandsires had nails*—] This is one of these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandsires toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

[2] —*when Achilles' brach bids me,*—] The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Brooch, which is the reading of all the old copies, had perhaps formerly some meaning at present unknown. In the following passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde or Euphues' Golden Legacie*, 1592, it seems to signify something very different from a pin or a bodkin: "His bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper *brooch* with the picture of St. Denis." MALONE.

To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis traſh: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

TROY.

Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays Neſtor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage elſe—
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be ſtruck off:—Hector, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe, the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt. Let Helen go:
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Every tithe ſoul, 'mongſt [3] many thouſand diſmes,
Hath

[3] —*many thouſand* diſmes,] *Diſme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the prologue to Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554:
"The *diſme* goeth to the battaile."

Again,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
[4] The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
[5] And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Rich. II:
"——so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give:

The vast *proportion*—— JOHNSON.

[5] *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*
Or like a star dis-orb'd?——] Th[illegible]ious lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
[6] And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
[7] Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

[6] *And the will dotes, that is* inclinable] Old edition, not so well, has it *attributive.* POPE.

By the old edition Mr. Pope means the old quarto. The folio has, as it stands, *inclinable.*———I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects;* that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

[7] *Without some image of the* affected *merit.*] We should read:
———*the* affected's *merit.*
i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.
WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

When

When we have [8] soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in [9] unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes [1] pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
[2] And do a deed that fortune never did,

[8] ——soil'd *them*;—] So reads the quarto. The folio ——spoil'd *them*.—— JOHNSON.

[9] ——*unrespective* sieve,] That is, into a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,

——*unrespective* same;

for which the modern editions have silently printed,

——*unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

[1] ——pale *the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

——stale *the morning*. JOHNSON.

[2] *And do a deed that fortune never did*,] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.

JOHNSON.

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
[3] But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act

[3] *But thieves,*—[illegible]nmer reads,—*Base thieves,*—
JOHNSON.

Such

Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot [4] diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons:
And Jove forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as would offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,

[4] *—diſtaſte—*] Corrupt; change to a worſe ſtate. JOHNSON.

Should

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle[5] thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their [6] benummed wills, resist the same;
[7] There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—

[5] —*Aristotle*—] Let it be remember'd as often as Shakespeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. STEEVENS.

[6] —*benummed wills*,—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

[7] *There is a law*—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

As

As it is known ſhe is,——theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
[8] Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than [9] the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.——
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowzy ſpirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt [1] emulation in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Is this, in way of truth:*——] Though conſidering *truth* and *juſtice* in this queſtion, this is my opinion; yet as a queſtion of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

[9] —*the performance of our heaving ſpleens,*] The execution of ſpite and reſentment. JOHNSON.

[1] —*emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Achilles' tent.

Enter Thersites.

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, [2] without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the [3] bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

[2] —*without drawing the massy iron,*—] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web.* They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

[3] —*the bone-ache!*—] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache.* JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll [4] decline the whole question. Agammemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and [5] Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

[4] —decline *the whole question.*—] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

[5] —*Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therſites is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therſites is a fool, to ſerve ſuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand [6] of the prover.——It ſuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body:—Come in with me, Therſites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. [7] Now the dry *ſerpigo* on the ſubject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
[8] He ſhent our meſſengers; and we lay by
Our

[6] *——of the prover.——*] So the quarto. JOHNSON.
The folio profanely reads,—*of thy creator.* STEEVENS.

[7] *——Now the dry*, &c.] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

[8] *He ſent our meſſengers*;—] This nonſenſe ſhould be read:
He ſhent our meſſengers;——i. e. rebuked, rated. WARBURTON.

This word is uſed in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. VI. c. vi.

"Yet

Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*To Agamemnon.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong [9] composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

" Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,
" Would he restrained be from his attendement."

Again, *ibid*:

" He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*composure*,—] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel*. JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints [1], but none for courtesy;
His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this [2] noble state,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.
Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak to him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,

[1] *The elephant hath joints,* &c.] So, in *All's lost by Lust*, 1633:
"———Is she pliant?
"Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her."
Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:
"I hope you are no *elephant*, you have *joints*."
STEEVENS.

[2] ———*noble state,*] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

In support of Dr. Johnson's exposition of this word, it may be observed, that *state* was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies,* 1595: "——The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals——."

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*:
"The Greek demands her, whither she was going,
"And which of these two great *estates* her keeps."
MALONE.

And

And under-honeſt; in ſelf-aſſumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himſelf,
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on;
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And [1] under-write in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
[2] His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report——
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give [3]
Before a ſleeping giant:—Tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall; and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him.—Ulyſſes, enter you. [*Exit Ulyſſes.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf
A better man than I?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax; you are as ſtrong, as valiant,

[1] ——*under-write*——] To *ſubſcribe*, in Shakeſpeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

[2] *His pettiſh lunes,*——] This is Hanmer's emendation of his pettiſh *lines*. The old quarto reads:

His *courſe and time.*

This ſpeech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

[3] ——allowance *give*] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *King Lear*:

——if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience." STEEVENS.

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads [4].

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the [illegible] with [illegible]

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possest he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?

[4] ——*the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, vol. VII. p. p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

He

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it[5]
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance[6] with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

5 ——*the* death-tokens *of it*] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

" Now like the fearful *tokens* of the plague
" Are mere fore-runners of their ends." STEEVENS.

6 ——*with his own* seam;] *Seam* is *grease.* STEEVENS.

Aga. O, no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll [7] pheeze his pride :—
Let me go to him.

Ulyſſ. [8] Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow,——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf! [*Aſide.*

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſſ. The raven chides blackneſs. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion. [*Aſide.*

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo,
He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aſide.*

Ulyſſ. He would have ten ſhares. [*Aſide.*

[9] *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple :—

Neſt. He's not yet thorough warm: [1] force him with praiſes: [*Aſide.*
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike. [*To Agamemnon.*

[7] ——pheeze *his pride* :—] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Not for the worth*——] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

[9] Ajax. *I will knead him, I will make him ſupple,* he's not yet thorough warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes,* &c.] The latter part of Ajax's ſpeech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be aſſigned to Neſtor, as I have ventured to tranſpoſe it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boaſting what he will do to Achilles; he'll paſh him o'er the face, he'll make him eat ſwords, he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, &c. Neſtor and Ulyſſes ſlily labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Neſtor craftily hints, that Ajax is not warm yet, but muſt be crammed with more flattery. THEOBALD.

[1] ——*force him*——] i. e. ſtuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

Neſt.

Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us!
'Would, he were a Trojan!
Neſt. What a vice were it in Ajax now——
Ulyſſ. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe?
Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly borne?
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected?
Ulyſſ. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To ſinewy Ajax. I will not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn [2], a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's Neſtor,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;—
But pardon, father Neſtor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

[2] ——*like a* bourn,—] A *bourn* is a boundary, and ſometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, act III. ſc. vi:

Come o'er the *bourn*, Beſſy, to me.

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

[3] *Nest.* Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep.

ACT III. SCENE I.

TROY.

The Palace.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

[3] Nest. *Ay, my good son.*] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shall I call you father?] Shakespeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip are my titles:—What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, ſir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, ſir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

Pan Friend, we underſtand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my lord, who is there in perſon; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, 4 love's inviſible ſoul,——

Pan. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

Serv. No, ſir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed!

4 ——*love's* viſible *ſoul*,—] So Hanmer. The other editions have *inviſible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *ſoul of love* inviſible every where elſe. JOHNSON.

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance;—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so [5] in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

[5] ——*in* fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in music, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1574:

"*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte*."

STEEVENS.

Pan,

Pan. Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; no, no.—[6] And, my lord, he deſires you, that, if the king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen; my very very ſweet queen?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen? My couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, [7] with my diſpoſer Creſſida.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

[6] *And, my lord, he deſires you,*——] Here I think the ſpeech of Pandarus ſhould begin, and the reſt of it ſhould be added to that of Helen. But I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*with my* diſpoſer *Creſſida.*] I think *diſpoſer* ſhould, in theſe places, be read *diſpouſer*; ſhe that would ſeparate Helen from him. WARBURTON.

I do not underſtand the word *diſpoſer*, nor know what to ſubſtitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect, that, *You muſt not know where he ſups*, ſhould be added to the ſpeech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris ſhould be given to Helen. That Creſſida wanted to ſeparate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Creſſida had any power over Paris, are circumſtances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Reviſal.* By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *diſpoſer* into *depoſer*, ſome meaning may be obtained. She addreſſes herſelf, I ſuppoſe, to Pandarus, and, by her *depoſer*, means—ſhe who thinks her beauty (or, whoſe beauty you ſuppoſe) to be ſuperior to mine. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy [8].

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out [9], may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, [1] sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds [2],
But tickles still the sore.

[8] Par. *I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Falling in, after falling out,* &c.] i. e. The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

[1] —*sweet lord,*—] In the quarto *sweet lad.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*that it wounds,*] i. e. that which it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

These

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
[3] *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. No, I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

[3] *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*] *To kill the wound* is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read:

These lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die!
But *that which seems to kill,*
Doth turn, &c.
So dying love lives still.

Yet as *the wound to kill* may mean *the wound that seems mortal*, I alter nothing. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. I will, ſweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus' garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

Serv. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,

From

From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I will bring her
ſtraight. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; What will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, [4] tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettieſt villain:—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty [5].

Enter

[4] ——and *too ſharp in ſweetneſs,*] So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more accurately:
——tun'd *too ſharp in ſweetneſs.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.*] Rowe ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, act I:

"Well

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame [6], must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, [7] we'll put you i'the files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. [8] The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

"Well may th'ignoble herd
"Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
"Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
"Awes with superior greatness all beneath him."

STEEVENS.

[6] —*you must be* watch'd *ere you be made tame,*—] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew:*
—to *watch* her as we watch these *kites.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*we'll put you i'the files.*—] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

HANMER.

[8] —*The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river:*—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the *female.* THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:
—at *the tercel,*— TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide,* l. iv. 410. is the following stanza, from which Shakespeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

"What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
"In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
"If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
"If this be godely, she is glad and light.
"And this is faire, and that can gode aright,
"Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
"*Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*" STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's— *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*——Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall

go

go bare, 'till merit crown it[9]: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, [1] his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown [2].

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:——
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

[9] —*our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it:*—] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, 'till merit* louer part no affection, *in reversion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*his addition shall be humble.*——] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occur'd in *Measure for Measure:*

Nay, friar, I am a kind of *burr*, I shall stick.

STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:——in faith, I lye;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.
Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.
Pan. Pretty, i'faith.
Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——
Cre. Pray you, content you.
Troi. What offends you, lady?
Cre. Sir, mine own company.
Troi. You cannot shun yourself.
Cre. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.
Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: [1] But you are wise;
Or else you love not; [2] For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
[3] Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,

[1] ——*But* you are *wise*,
Or else you *love not*; *for to be wise* and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read:
——but *we're not* wise,
Or else *we* love not; to be wise *and* love,
Exceeds man's might;——
Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

[2] ——*to be wise and love,*
Exceeds man's might;——] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Cal. March*:
"To be wise, and eke to love,
"Is granted scarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.
"*Amare et sapere vix a Deo conceditur.*" Pub. Syr.
Spenser, whom Shakespeare followed, seems to have misunderstood this proverb. Marston, in the *Dutch Courtezan*, 1606, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:
"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move,
"*The gods themselves cannot be wise and love.*" MALONE.

[3] *Might be affronted with the match*——] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

And

[4] And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right!
[5] True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies, truth tir'd with iteration,——
As true as ſteel, as [6] plantage to the moon,
As

[4] *And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itſelf againſt deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of neceſſity, learned worldly policy." WARBURTON.

[5] *True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world to come,*
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tir'd with iteration,——] The metre, as well as the ſenſe, of the laſt verſe will be improved, I think, by reading:

Want ſimilies of *truth, tir'd with iteration.*

So, a little lower in the ſame ſpeech:

Yet after all compariſons of truth. TYRWHITT.

[6] ——*plantage* to *the moon,*] I formerly made a ſilly conjecture, that the true reading was:

——*planets* to *their moons.*

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before Galileo had diſcovered the Satellites of Jupiter: ſo that *plantage to the moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe:

"Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
"Rite creſcentem face noctilucam,
"Proſperam frugum"—— *Hor.* lib. iv. od. 6.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I ſuppoſe, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon. JOHNSON.

Plantage is the French word for a *plantation*, a *planting*, or *ſetting*. See Boyer's and Cotgrave's Dictionaries. In the French tranſlation of Dr. Agricola's *Agriculture*, *Plantage a rebours* is frequently uſed for *planting reverſe*. TOLLET.

Shakeſpeare ſpeaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,——
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
[7] As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;

Romeo and Juliet; and yet in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage:*

"Sow next thy vines *mandrage.*"

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579 I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning of the moon.——Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides *are to the moon.*

As true as steel is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book* where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16:

"Thereto in love *trewe as any stele.*" STEEVENS.

True as plantage to the moon.] This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

[7] *As* truth's authentic author *to be cited,*] Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man *to be cited as the authentic author of truth*; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

Yea,

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falshood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all [8] inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. [9] Appear it to your mind,
That,

[8] ——*inconstant men*——] So Hanmer. In the copies it is *constant*. JOHNSON.

Though Hanmer's emendation be plausible, I believe Shakespeare wrote *constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expression for *a constant lover*, as *a Cressida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*. TYRWHITT.

[9] —————— *Appear it to your mind,*
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy.——] This reasoning perplexes

That, [1] through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd

Mr. Theobald; "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakespeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakespeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

——through the sight I have in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy——

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

I have——expos'd myself,
From *certain* and possess'd conveniencies,
To *doubtful* fortunes;——

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence *they* did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.——The sense here given will admit

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possest conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,

admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

[1] *——through the sight I bear in things, to* Jove] This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus:

—— through the sight I bear in things to come.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

—to *love*, might mean—to the consequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

 I know,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
[2] In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit Diomed, and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:——
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have [3] derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,

[2] *In most accepted* pain.] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompence *the service I have done*, even in these *labours* which were *most accepted*. JOHNSON.

[3] —— derision *med'cinable*,] All the modern editions have *decision*. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this place agrees with the quarto, so that the corruption was at first merely accidental. JOHNSON.

Which

Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;——
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſays Achilles? would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,

Hath

Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.——How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—[4] how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,——
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[5] To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself [6],

(That

[4] ——*how dearly ever* parted,] i.e. how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable *parts*, *proportioned* as one's thoughts would wish a man." WARBURTON.

I do not think that in the word *parted* is included any idea of *division*; it means, *however excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

[5] *To others' eyes*, &c.

(That most pure spirit &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

[6] ——*nor doth the eye itself*,] So, in Julius Cæsar:

"No

(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, [7] in his circumstance, expressly proves——
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
[8] The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

No Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion, by some other things.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*in his circumstance,*——] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

[8] *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

How

[9] How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is [1] feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. [2] Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost [3];—

[9] *How some men* creep *in skittish fortune's hall,*] To *creep* is to *keep out of sight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune,* while others, though they but *play the ideot,* are always *in her eye,* in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

[1] *—feasting—*] Folio. The quarto has *fasting.* Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

[2] *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

[3] —and there you lie:] These words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

Nor in any other copy that I have seen. I have given the passage as I found it in the folio. STEEVENS.

Or like a gallant horſe fallen in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement [4] to the abject rear,
[5] O'er run and trampled on: Then what they do in
 preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: Welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was; [6] for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,——
That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt;
[7] And ſhew to duſt, that is a little gilt,

More

[4] ——*to the abject* rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read:

——*to the abject*, near. JOHNSON.

[5] *O'er run* &c.] The quarto wholly omits the ſimile of the horſe, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmoſt, then what they do at preſent.

The folio ſeems to have ſome omiſſion, for the ſimile begins,

Or, *like a gallant horſe*—— JOHNSON.

[6] The modern editors read:

For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more eaſy lapſe of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

[7] *And* go *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt *o'er-duſted.*] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine obſervation tranſmitted in the old *folios*. Mr. Pope ſaw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I preſume, threw it out of the text; becauſe he would not *indulge his private ſenſe* in attempting to make ſenſe of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

And give *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than they will give to gold *o'er-duſted.*

THEOBALD.

This

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
[8] Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters [9].

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakespeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article *to* in the second line: he should have written:

More laud than to *gilt o'er-dusted.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Made emulous* missions——] *Missions* for *divisions*, i. e. goings out, on one side and the other. WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakespeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

Knows

[1] Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
[2] Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery ([3] with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

[1] *Knows almost* &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only, *Knows almost every* thing. JOHNSON.

I think we should read, *of Plutus' gold.* So, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, act IV:

"'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
"Lock'd in the heart of earth"——

It should be remember'd however, that *mines of gold* were anciently suppos'd to be *guarded by dæmons.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Keeps* place *with thought*;——] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity.* The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*(with whom relation Durst never meddle)*——] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

They

They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook [4] to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
[5] Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

[4] ——*to air.*] So the quarto. The folio:
——*to* airy *air.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Omission to do* &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commission* or enable that *danger* of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with Hector; and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride, and a ſtand: ruminates, like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip [1] with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and ſo there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my embaſſador to him, Therſites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his preſence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly deſire the valiant Ajax, to invite the moſt valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious, ſix-or-ſeven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

[1] *——with a politic regard,—*] With a *ſly look.* JOHNSON.

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on [1].

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

[1] —— *to make* catlings *on.*] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.——Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
[2] During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. [3] And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With

[2] *During all* question *of the gentle truce:*] I once thought to read:

During all quiet *of the gentle truce.*

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

[3] *And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly*
With his face back in humane gentleness.] Thus Mr. Pope in his

With his face backward. In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchiſes' life,
Welcome, indeed! [4] By Venus' hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We ſympathize:——Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand complete courſes of the ſun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightful gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'er I heard of.——
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. [5] His purpoſe meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek

his great ſagacity pointed this paſſage in his firſt edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himſelf of a lion *flying in humane gentleneſs*, I will not pretend to aſſirm: I ſuppoſe he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or, as what our vulgar call an Eſſex lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turned backward, it is fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is Æneas profeſſes that he ſhall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the ſymptoms of *humane gentleneſs?* My correction of the pointing reſtores good ſenſe, and a proper behaviour in Æneas. As ſoon as ever he has returned Diomedes' brave, he ſtops ſhort, and corrects himſelf for expreſſing ſo much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce ſoldier becomes the courtier at once; and, remembering his enemy to be a gueſt and an ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the Trojan camp. THEOBALD.

[4] *——By Venus' hand I ſwear,*] This oath was uſed to inſinuate his reſentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakeſpeare had no ſuch alluſion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the ſame breath. STEEVENS.

[5] *His purpoſe meets you;——*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

To

To Calchas' houſe; and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Creſſid:
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us: I conſtantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Creſſid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the ſoul of ſound good-fellowſhip,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen beſt,
Myſelf, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of [6] a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
[7] Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par.

[6] —*a flat* tamed *piece;*] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

[7] *Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more;*
But he as he, which *heavier for a whore.*] I read:

But

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
[8] We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

But he as he, *each* heavier for a whore.
Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable.* The quarto reads:
But he as he, *the* heavier for a whore.
I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:
But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?
That is, *for a whore staked down, which is the heavier.*
JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,
——— *the* heavier for a whore.
I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

[8] *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read, *not* sell. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read *condemn.*
TYRWHITT.

Cre.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: [9] Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a-weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
[1] As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*within*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus [2].

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

Pan.

[9] ——*Sleep kill*——] So the old copies. The moderns have:
——Sleep *seal*—— JOHNSON.

[1] *As tediously*——] The folio has:
As hideously *as hell*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, book 3, v. 1561.

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do [3], and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! [4] a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

"Pandare, a morowe which that commin was
"Unto his necè gan her faire to grete,
"And saied all this night so rained it alas!
"That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,
"Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,
"All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
"That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

"Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,
"Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care
"God helpe me so, ye causid all this fare, &c."

STEEVENS.

[3] —*to* do,—] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. So in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Petruchio says: "I would fain be *doing*." Again, in *All's well*, &c. Lafeu declares that he is past *doing*. COLLINS.

[4] — *a poor chipochia!*—] This word, I am afraid, has suffered under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. Pandarus says it to his niece, in a jeering sort of tenderness. He would say, I think, in English—*Poor* innocent! *Poor* fool! *hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.

THEOBALD.

My

My lord, come you again into my chamber;
You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.——
How earneſtly they knock!——pray you, come in; [*Knock.*
I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who!——nay, then:——
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My [5] matter is ſo raſh: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,

[5] ——*matter is ſo* raſh:——] My buſineſs is ſo *haſty* and ſo abrupt. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Henry* IV. p. II.
——*aconitum, or* raſh *gunpowder.* STEEVENS.

The

The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
[6] Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; [7] the secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus, and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

[6] *Delivered to us*; &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:
Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*the* secrets of nature,
Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder folios: but the first verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:
——*the secrets of* neighbour *Pandar.*
If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:
The secret'st things *of nature*, &c.
i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my
lord? gone?
Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldſt be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees,
I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of conſanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed
cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Before Pandarus' house

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.

Par. It is great morning*; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Troi.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And

* *—great morning;—*] *Grand jour;* a Gallicism.
STEEVENS.

* *The grief* &c.] The folio reads:
The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taste,
And no less *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——
The quarto otherwise:
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——

Violenteth

And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

——————*o heart, o heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so [2] strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*:

"Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

and Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakespeare: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." *Fuller's Worthies, in Anglesea.*

The modern reading was:

And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it.———— STEEVENS.

[2] —*strain'd*—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *strange*. JOHNSON.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pan.*

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks[2]! —
When shall we see again?

[2] *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the* merry Greeks!] So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1640, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the *merry Greeks* understand me." STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—
Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
[3] For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?
Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts [4] with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.
Cre. O heavens! you love me not.
Troi. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

[3] *For I will throw my glove to death*——] That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity. Johnson.

[4] ——*with person*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *with portion.* Steevens.

Nor

Nor heel the high lavolt [5], nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth [6] catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; [7] the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter

4 ——*the high* lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. It is elsewhere mentioned, where several examples are given. STEEVENS.

6 ——*catch mere simplicity;*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

7 ——*the* moral *of my wit*
Is—plain, and true,——] That is, the *governing principle of my understanding*; but I rather think we should read:
——*the* motto *of my wit*
Is, plain and true—— JOHNSON.

Surely *moral* in this instance has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act III. sc. iv.

" Bene-

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomed.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port [1], lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, [2] possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
[3] To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

"Benedictus? why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus."

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. iv.
"——he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens." TOLLET.

[1] *At the* port,——] The *port* is the *gate*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——possess *thee what she is.*] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

[3] *To shame the* seal *of my petition* towards *thee*,
By *praising her.*——] To *shame* the *seal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote:
To shame the zeal——
and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover*'s delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*. WARBURTON.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to [4] my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressid. Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

[5] *Dio.* Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —*my* list:—] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.
What is the difference, in our old writers, between *lust* and *list*? STEEVENS.

[5] *Dio.*] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered [6] bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

[6] —*bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612;
"——'Faith his cheek
"Has a most excellent *bias*"—— STEEVENS.

Nest. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.——
So much for Neſtor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The firſt was Menelaus' kiſs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, ſir:——Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. [7] Both take and give.

Cre. [8] I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

[7] *Both take and give.*] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

[8] *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make ſuch *bargains* as I may live by, *ſuch as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worſe kiſs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life.* TYRWHITT.

Ulyſſ.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. [9] Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. [1] Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and [2] motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give [3] a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For [4] sluttish spoils of opportunity,

[9] *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhime we should read:
Why beg two.
If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

[1] *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it:
When Helen is a maid again———
She tells him that then he shall have it:
When Helen is a maid again———
Cre. *I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;*
Never's my day, and then a kiss for you.
But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*motive of her body.*] *Motive* for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a coasting*——] An amorous address; courtship. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! What ſhall be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.
Aga. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Aga. [5] 'Tis done like Hector; but ſecurely done,
A little

[5] *'Tis done like Hector; but* ſecurely *done,*] In the ſenſe of the Latin, *ſecurus—ſecurus admodum de bello, animi ſecuri homo.* A negligent ſecurity ariſing from a contempt of the object oppoſed.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly obſerves, that the word *ſecurely* is here uſed in the Latin ſenſe: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this ſenſe peculiar to Shakeſpeare, "for, ſays he, I have not been able to trace it elſewhere." This gentleman has treated me with ſo much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the laſt act of the *Spaniſh Tragedy:*
"O damned devil! how *ſecure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Eſſay on Tumults*, "neither yet any prince or ſtate be *ſecure* concerning diſcontents." And beſides theſe, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar tranſlation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little ſucceſs in his reſearches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's tranſlation of *Caſtilio*, 1561: "Some be ſo ſcrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuſcane tung."

Ben Jonſon more than once uſes both the *ſubſtantive* and the *adjective* in this ſenſe.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spaniſh termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

Aga,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
[6] Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

[5] Aga. *'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,*] It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say, *If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?* To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. THEOBALD.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNSON.

[6] *Valour and pride* excel *themselves in Hector;*] Shakespeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

Half ftints their ftrife before their ftrokes begin.
Ulyff. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Trojan is that fame that looks fo heavy?
Ulyff. The youngeft fon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchlefs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedlefs in his tongue;
Not foon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, foon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he fhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies [8] an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, [9] fubfcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A fecond hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus fays Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private foul,
Did in great Ilion [1] thus tranflate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neft. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Troi. Hector, thou fleep'ft, awake thee!
Aga. His blows are well difpos'd:—there, Ajax!
[*Trumpets ceafe.*

[8] —— *an impair thought* ——] A thought unfuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I fhould have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his tranflation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598; "——nor is it more *impaire* to an honeft and abfolute man, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Hector*——*fubfcribes*
To tender objects;——] That is, *yields, gives* way. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear*, *fubfcrib'd* his power, i. e. fubmitted.
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*thus tranflate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character*.
JOHNSON.

Dio.

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:——
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus;——
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. [a]Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On

[a] *Not Neoptolemus* so mirable
(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, This is he;) could promise to himself &c.] That is to say, "You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young son of Achilles (who is yet to serve his apprentisage in war, under the Grecian generals, and on that account called Νεοπτόλεμος) dare himself entertain such a thought." But Shakespeare meant another sort of man, as is evident from,
On whose bright crest, &c,

which

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought

which characterises one who goes foremost and alone; and can therefore suit only *one*, which *one* was Achilles, as Shakespeare himself has drawn him:

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand *of our host.*

And, again:

Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

And indeed the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied; and this was Achilles, with whom Hector had his final affair. We must conclude then that Shakespeare wrote:

Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible,
On whose bright crest——

Irascible is an old school term, and is an epithet suiting his character, and the circumstances he was then in:

"Impiger, *iracundus*, inexorabilis, acer."

But our editor, Mr. Theobald, by his *obscure diligence*, has found out that Wynken de Worde, in the old chronicle of *The three Destructions of Troy*, introduces one Neoptolemus into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of Achilles; and therefore will have it, that Shakespeare here means no other than the Neoptolemus of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, it is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make Hector refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a warrior on the Trojan side, and slain by Achilles. But Hector must needs mean by one "who could promise a thought of added honour torn from him," a warrior amongst his enemies on the Grecian side.

WARBURTON.

After all this contention, it is difficult to imagine that the critic believes *mirable* to have been changed to *irascible*. I should sooner read,

Not Neoptolemus th' ad*mirable*;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place. The correction which the learned commentator gave to Hanmer:

Not Neoptolemus' fire so *mirable*,

as it was modester than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from justness of sentiment, than for Hector to characterise

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. [3] We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewel.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

racterise Achilles as the father of Neoptolemus, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whose name was therefore much less known than his father's. My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew:

"Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
"By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
"Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
"Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
"O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
"For multitude of people was there mortificate
"With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
"And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

"The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
"That had his haire as blacke as any jet, &c." p. 10[illegible].

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

"Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
"Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
"To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
"He may revenge his father's death, &c." p. 237.

STEEVENS.

[3] *We'll answer it;*] That is, answer the *expectance*. JOHNSON.

And

And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see [4] your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. [5] Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To Troilus.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

[4] —— *your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

[5] *Worthy of arms!* ——] Folio. Worthy *all* arms! Quarto. The quarto has only the two first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. JOHNSON.

Hect.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
[6] Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
[7] Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

[6] *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a strange corruption;
Mock not thy affect, *the untraded earth*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Despising many forfeits and subduements*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements*. JOHNSON.

[8] As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time——

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. [9] I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now,

[8] *As they contend*——] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[9] *I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses,* thou!—] Should we not read—*though?* Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge,* v. ix. p. 460:

"——O dissembling woman,
"Whom I must reverence *though.*——" TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "——if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." Again, in the *Tempest:*
"Thou

[1] Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint [2].

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

"Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou!*"
Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Cressida:* "——thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou!*"
STEEVENS.

[1] *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;*] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lidgate. See page 178. STEEVENS.

[2] *And quoted joint by joint.*] To *quote* is to observe. So, in *Hamlet:*

I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not *quoted* him. STEEVENS.

But,

But, by the forge that ſtithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;——
And you, Achilles, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpoſe, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have ſtomach; the general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him [3].

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, ſince you refus'd
The Grecians' cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we [4]: afterwards,
As Hector's leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.—
[5] Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

[3] ——*the general ſtate, I fear,*
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him.] i. e. I am aware that the Greeks will not wiſh you to meet him ſingly; inſinuating that it would be bad policy in them to deſire the man who had the greateſt reputation for valour, to run ſuch a hazard of being foiled. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*convive*——] To *convive* is to *feaſt*. This word is not peculiar to Shakeſpeare. I find it ſeveral times uſed in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

[5] *Beat loud the tabourines,*——] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taſte your bounties.——

The reading which I have given from the folio ſeems choſen at the reviſion, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*.
JOHNSON.

Tabourines are ſmall drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

That

That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?
Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.——
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
[6] Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. [7] The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. [8] Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

[6] *Thou crusty batch of nature,*——] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Catal ne:*

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Hast thou made a good *batch*? I pray thee give me a new loaf."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Is all the rest of this *batch*?" Thersites had already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

[7] *The surgeon's box,*—] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

[8] *Male varlet,*——] HANMER reads *male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in *Decker's Honest Whore*: "This is a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

Ther.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i' the back, lethargies, [9] cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, [1] you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, [2] thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. [3] Out, gall!

[9] —— *cold palsies*——] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies.* This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *you ruinous* &c.] Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV:*
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *thou idle immaterial skein of* sleive *silk,*——] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

[3] *Out, gall!*] *Hanmer* reads *nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!* JOHNSON.

Ther. [4] Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
[5] A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: [6] And the goodly transformation of Ju-

[4] *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

[5] *A token from her daughter,* &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy. HANMER.

[6] *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull;—the primitive statue, and* OBLIQUE *memorial of cuckolds;*] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter,* that is, as himself explains it, the *bull,* on account of his *horns,* which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds;* i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds?* can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and so the foregoing character of his being the *primitive statue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile these two contradictory epithets therefore we should read:

" —— an OBELISQUE memorial of cuckolds.

He

Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice [7] forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a

He is represented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obelisque memorial?* of all human edifices the most durable. And the sentence rises gradually, and properly from a *statue* to an *obelisque*. To this the editor Mr. *Theobald* replies, that *the bull is called the primitive statue*: by which he only giveth us to understand, that he knoweth not the difference between the English articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant Menelaus; which title Thersites gives him again afterwards——*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it*——THE BULL *has the game*——But the *Oxford editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty's evaded. WARBURTON.

The author of *The Revisal* observes (after having controverted every part of Dr. Warburton's note, and justified Theobald) that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indi-"rectly such, upon the common supposition that both bulls and "cuckolds were furnished with horns." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*forced with wit*——] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. —In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. *Upton* says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:

"——— the hot desire of *quails*,
"To yours is modest appetite." STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonimous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par Le Roux*, under the article *caille* are these words:

"Chaud comme une *caille*——
"*Caille* coiffée —— Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes. Signifie femme eveillè amoureuse." So, in Rabelais: — "*Cailles* coiffées mignonnent chantans."—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation) coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing. MALONE.

puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.———Hey-day! * spirits, and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go, or tarry.
Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Menel.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

* ——*spirits and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

The

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt severally.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: [9] he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: [1] they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.——
Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

[9] ——*He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*——] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabling curs never want sore ears.* ANON.

[1] ——*they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,*——] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you. [*Whispers.*
Troi. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man
May sing her, if he can take * her cliff; she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cre. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,——
Cre. I'll tell you what.
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.——

* —— *her* cliff;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.
Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says,
"— Will none but my C. *cliff* serve your turn?"
Again, in The *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:
"———— that's a bird
"Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes."
Again, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:
"No crotchets; 'tis only the *cliff* has made her mad."
Again, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*:
"How many *cliffs* be there?—one *cliff*, sir. Do you know "but one *cliff*?—No more indeed, sir, and at this time I know "too much of that." STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
[1] You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

[1] *You flew to great distraction:*——] So the moderns. The folio has:

You *flow* to great *distraction*,——

The quarto:

You *flow* to great *distraction* ——

I read:

You *flow too* great *distraction*.—— JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. STEEVENS.

Dio.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! [4] Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

[4] *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*] Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. Here, Diomed,[5] keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

[5] —— *keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12:——
"One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare
"on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:
"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the MORTE ARTHUR, p. 3. ch. 119:
"When queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 844, says K. Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakespeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *sleve.*" A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histriomastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troylus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace,
"Within thy helmet put the same,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, The Hundred *Hystoryes of Troye*, tells us "*Bryseyde* whom master *Chaucer* calleth *Cressyde*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condysions." FARMER.

Of

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
[6] As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. [7] By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewel;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

[6] *As I kiss thee.—*] In old editions,

As I kiss thee.——

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

[7] *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

Dio.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:——O Jove!——
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
[8] Troilus, farewel! one eye yet looks on thee;
[9] But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. [1] A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

[8] *Troilus, farewel!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lidgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. *Lidgate*, speaking of Cressida, says only:

"She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
"To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
"For she of her new love no sooner sped,
"But Troilus was clean out of her mind,
"As if she never had him known or seen,
"Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean."

STEEVENS.

[9] *But with my heart*, &c.] I think it should be read thus:
But *my heart with* the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.
Perhaps, rather:
But with *the other eye my heart* doth see. TYRWHITT.

[1] *A proof of strength she could not publish more*,] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
[2] That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. [3] I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

[2] *That doth invert that* test *of eyes and ears;*] What *test*? Troilus had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words are to be thus split:

That doth invert *the attest* of eyes and ears.

i. e. That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto. JOHNSON.

[3] *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

[4] If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt itſelf!
[5] Bi-fold authority! [6] where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Creſſid!
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
[7] As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

In-

4 *If there be rule in unity itſelf,*] I do not well underſtand what is meant by *rule in unity*. By *rule* our author, in this place as in others, intends *virtuous reſtraint*, *regularity of manners*, *command of paſſions and appetites*. In *Macbeth*:

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of *rule*.——

But I know not how to apply the word in this ſenſe to *unity*. I read:

If there be rule in *purity* itſelf,
Or, If there be rule in *verity* itſelf.

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who ſaw the ſtate of the old editions, in which, for inſtance, a few lines lower, *the almighty ſun* is called *the almighty ſenne*.——Yet the words may at laſt mean, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

5 *Bi-fold authority!*——] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority!——

There is *madneſs* in that *diſquiſition* in which a man reaſons at once *for* and *againſt himſelf upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

6 —— *where reaſon can revolt*
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt;——] The words *loſs* and *perdition* are uſed in their common ſenſe, but they mean the *loſs* or *perdition* of *reaſon*. JOHNSON.

7 *As is Arachne's broken woof to enter.*] The ſyllable wanting in this verſe the modern editors have hitherto ſupplied. I hope the miſtake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos reads with the folio, *Ariachna's* broken woof, and the other *Ariathna's*

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another [8] knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her [9] o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. [1] May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

athna's. It is not impossible that Shakespeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

"——— instead of these poor weeds, in robes
"Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,
"Or Cytherea's airy-moving vest."

Again:

"——— thy tresses, *Ariadne's twines*,
"Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd."
Spanish Tragedy.

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

"Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;
"But not an *Ariadne* in the world
"To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,
"The very maze of horror."

Again, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

"——— come *Ariadne's clew*, will you unwind?"

Again, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne: "He was to me in this inextricable labyrinth like *Ariadne's thread*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *o'er-eaten faith,* ———] Vows which she has already swallowed once over. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

[1] *May worthy Troilus* ———] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

In

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, [2] and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

[2] —— *and wear a castle on thy head!*] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. It appears from a passage in Holinshed, already quoted in a note on *Titus Andronicus*, that by a *castle* was meant a *close helmet*.
So, in *The little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
" ———————— but use
" That noble courage I have seen, and we
" Shall fight as in a *castle*."——— STEEVENS.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. [3] My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

[3] *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be taken either from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147.

"Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
"That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
"She dremed on the same night beforne,
"How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
"If thilke day he went into battaille:
"She warned him, but it might not availle;
"He went forth for to fighten natheles,
"And was yslain anon of Achilles." STEEVENS.

Consort

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
[4] For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. [5] It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the [6] dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

[4] *For us to count*——] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

——— do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read —— *For we would give much, to* use *violent thefts*, i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

[5] *It is the purpose*——] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence "of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the "end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

[6] —— *dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read,
——— *brave* man.
The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
[7] Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

[7] *Which better fits a lion,*—] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

Troi.

Troi. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled [8] with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*

[8] —— *with recourse of tears;*] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. [9] O farewel, dear Hector.
Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth [1]!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Cas. Farewel. Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee! [*Exit Priam. Alarums.*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve [2].

[9] *O farewel, dear Hector!*] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

[1] —— shrills *her dolours*, &c.] So in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
"Through all th' abyss I have *shrill'd* thy daughter's loss,
th my concave trump." STEEVENS.

[2] According to the quartos 1609, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned, are to be found. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan Why, but hear you———

Troi [1] Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the camp.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Thersites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I

[1] *Hence*, brothel, *lacquey!*——] For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneously for *broker*, as it stands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Or *brother* the following editors made *brothel*. JOHNSON.

would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. [4] O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old, mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin [5] to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

[4] *O' the other side, the policy of those crafty* swearing *rascals,* &c.] But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

[5] —— *to proclaim barbarism,* ——] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

[6] Art

⁶ Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse⁷;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: ⁸ bastard Margarelon
Hath

⁶ *Art thou of blood and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed:

And am her knight by proof. STEEVENS.

⁷ —— *take thou Troilus' horse.*] So in Lydgate:
"That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force
"At unawares, he cast down from his *horse*.
"And gave it to his squire for to beare
"To *Cressida*, &c." STEEVENS.

⁸ —— *bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

The

Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: [9] the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.——
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights [1] on Galathe his horse,

And

The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, page 194:
"Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
"One of king Priam's bastard children," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers: ——] "Beyonde the royalme of "Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named "Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse "beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes "was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an "horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a "bowe: *this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of "them with his bowe." The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton.* THEOBALD.

—— *the dreadful Sagittary*] A very circumstantial account of this Sagittary is likewise to be found in *Lydgate*, page 174.
STEEVENS.

[1] —— *on* Galathe *his horse,*] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse THEOBALD.
"Call'd *Galathe* (the which is said to have been
"The goodliest horse," &c. *Lydgate*, page 142.
Again, page 175:
"And sought, by all the means he could, to take
"*Galathe*, Hector's horse," &c.
Heywood, in his *Iron Age* 1632, has likewise continued the same appellation to Hector's horse:

"My

And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like [2] scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there [3] the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:

"My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*."
Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from *Lydgate*. *John Stevens*, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by *Ben Jonson* in some lines prefixed to it) has mounted *Hector* on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *scaled* sculls] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expositor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592:
"He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement, to another. Again, in Milton:
"————— each bay
"With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
"Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
"Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
"Bank the mid sea."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:
"A knavish *scull* of boys and girls, &c."
Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is said of the cormorant:
"——— from his wings at full,
"As though he shot himself into the thicken'd *scull*,
"He under water goes, &c."
Again, in the 26th song:
"My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the* strawy *Greeks*,——] In the folio it is,
——— the *straying* Greeks,——— JOHNSON.

Pa-

Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hack'd and chip'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, ſhew thy head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay! where's Troilus

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou ſhouldſt have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I ſay! what, Troilus!

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, [4] you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

4 —— *you cogging Greeks,*——] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia Mendax.* JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam.* A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North—*a gainful Greek.* Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks. "*Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*" Again—"*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*" STEEVENS.

Re-

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—⁵ I like thy armour well;
⁶ I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But

⁵ —— *I like thy armour well;*] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, page 196:

"—— Guido in his historie doth shew
"By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
"To have the sumptuous armor of that king, &c.
"So greedy was thereof, that when he had
"The body up, and on his horse it bare,
"To have the spoil thereof such haste he made
"That he did hang his shield without all care
"Behind him at his back, the easier
"To pull the armour off at his desire,
"And by that means his breast clean open lay," &c.

This furnished Shakespeare with the hint for the following line:

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I'll frush it,* ——] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

To *frush* a chicken, is a term in carving which I cannot explain. I am indebted for this little knowledge of it to E. Smith's *Compleat Huswife*, published in 1741. The term is as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's *Book of Kervinge*, 1508. Holinshed, describing the soldiers of Richmond making themselves ready, says, "they bent their bows, and *frushed* their feathers;" and (as Mr. *Tollet* has observed) employs it again in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or so farre withered with age." To *frush*, in this first instance, says he,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms [7].

he, signifies to change the feathers from their natural smooth and sloping position, to a rough perpendicular one, whereby the arrow

flies the steadier to its mark, and whistles in the air. In the second instance, it means to *disorder*. The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606:

"High cedars are *frushed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

"And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance."

Again, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date:

"—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frushed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward, &c."

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, 158[illegible]:

"All the *frushe* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles."

Ag[illegible]

"——[illegible]—— yf that knight Æntheous haplye
"Were *frusht*, or remanient, &c."

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Grete Chan*, p. 285:

"And then they make knyghtes to jousten in armes fulle lustyly, "&c.—and they *fruschen* togidere fulle fiercely." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*execute your* arms.] Thus all the copies; but surely we should [illegible]—*aims*. STEEVENS.

Fol-

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;—
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even

[8] Even with the vail and dark'ning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. [9] I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. [1] Strike, fellows, ſtrike; this is the man I ſeek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain.
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

[8] *Even with the vail*——] The *vail* is, I think, the *ſinking* of the ſun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

[9] *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been incloſed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horſe's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was miſinformed; for in the old ſtory-book of *The Three Deſtructions of Troy*, I find likewiſe the ſame account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, ſeems to have been indebted to ſome ſuch work as Hanmer mentions.

"Had puiſſant Hector by Achilles' hand
"Dy'd in a ſingle monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being ſlain by odds,
"The pooreſt Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleaſant to obſerve with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the groſſeſt manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book:

"Oh thou, *Homer*, for ſhame be now red,
"And thee amaſe that holdeſt thy ſelfe ſo wyſe,
"On Achylles to ſet ſuche great a pryſe
"In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,
"Above echone that doſt hym magnyfye,
"That was ſo ſleyghty and ſo full of fraude,
"Why geveſt thou hym ſo hye a prayſe and laude?"

STEEVENS.

[1] *Strike, fellows, ſtrike;*——] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old ſtory-book. HANMER.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth,
[1] And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*
Sound retreat. Shout.

SCENE X.

The ſame.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomedes, and the reſt, marching.

Aga. Hark! hark! what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is—Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be ſent,
To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.——
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *And, ſtickler-like,*——] A *ſtickler* was one who ſtood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodſhed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. "Anthony "(ſays Sir *Tho. North* in his tranſlation of Plutarch) was himſelf "in perſon *a ſtickler* to part the young men when they had fought "enough." They were called *ſticklers*, from carrying ſticks or ſtaves in their hands, with which they interpoſed between the duelliſts. We now call theſe *ſticklers*—*ſideſmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "'tis not fit that every apprentice ſhould with his ſhop-"club play between us the *ſtickler*."
Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:
"And was the *ſtickler* 'twixt my heart and him."
Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:
"As *ſticklers* in their nation's enmity." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
[3] Never go home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector?——the gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy [4]!
I ſay, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a ſcreech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and ſay there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,

[3] *Never go home,* &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

[4] —— ſmile *at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the reſt of Troilus's wiſh, were we to read:
—————— *ſmite* at Troy,
I ſay, at once! STEEVENS.

Thus

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt Æneas, &c.*

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi. [5] Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit Troilus.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a' work, and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo [6] lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—Let me ſee:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting:
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and ſiſters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:

[5] *Hence,* broker *lacquey!*——] So the quarto. The folio has *brother*. JOHNSON.

[6] *lov'd,* ——] Quarto; *deſir'd,* folio. Jo[illegible]

It

It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this—
[7] Some galled gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſs:
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

[7] *Some galled gooſe of Wincheſter*—] The public ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of Wincheſter. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in one of the old plays of which my negligence has loſt the title:

"Collier! how came the *gooſe* to be put upon you?

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Wincheſter* in *Henry* the Third's day's, and many *French* women coming out of the Iſle of *Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in the town, &c."

A particular ſymptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Wincheſter gooſe*. So in Chapman's comedy of *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"—— the famous ſchool of England call'd
"Wincheſter, famous I mean for the *gooſe*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonſon, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan:*

"—— this a ſparkle of that fire let looſe,
"That was lock'd up in the *Wincheſtrian gooſe*,
"Bred on the back in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd a myſtery."

In an ancient ſatire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following liſt of the different reſidences of harlots:

"There came ſuch a wynde fro *Wincheſter*,
"That blewe theſe women over the ryver,
"In wherye as I wyll you tell:
"Some at ſaynt *Kateryns* ſtroke agrounde,
"And many in *Holborne* were founde,
"Some at ſaynt *Gyles* I trowe:
"Alſo in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Weſtmenſter*;
"And ſome in *Shordyche* drewe theder,
"With grete lamentacyon;
"And by cauſe they have loſt that fayre place,
"They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in ſpace, &c."

Hence the old proverbial ſimile, "As common as *Coleman Hedge*:" now *Coleman-ſtreet*. STEEVENS.

There are more hard, bombaſtical phraſes in the ſerious part of this Play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other ſix Plays of *Shakeſpeare*. Take the following ſpecimens: —*Tortive*,—*perſiſtive*,—*protractive*,—*importleſs*,—*inſiſture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next Act,—*paſt-proportion*,—*unreſpective*,—*propugnation*,—*ſelf-aſſumption*,—*ſelf-admiſſion*,—*aſſubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Essexe, Earl Marshall, &c:* and an anonymous Interlude, called THERSYTES *his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. STEEVENS.

How the devil luxury, *with his fat rump and* potatoe *finger, tickles these together.*]

Luxuria was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio*, *Adulterium*, *Incestus*, *Stuprum*, *Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in K. Lear, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

"To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chess*, 1625.

"—— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine*'s pictures,
"(More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*)
"Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see
"Of *Lucrece*' dagger." ——

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*? —— This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

"This plant which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes* —— There is not any that hath written of this plant—therefore, I refer the description thereof

of

of unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with greediness.*"

Drayton, in the 20th song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

"The *skirret*, which, some say, in sallets *stirs the blood.*"

Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"—— Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let *a tempest of provocation* come."

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other *good unctuous meats*:

So J. Heywood, in the *English Traveller*, 1633:

"Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes
"And a *potato pie*: besides all these,
"What thinkest rare and costly?"

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"—truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrows* stew'd, dove's brains, or swan's pizzels, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled skerrets, are your only lofty dishes."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me, &c."

Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
"Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;
"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"——a banquet of oyster-pies, skerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"*Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,
"To corroborate the back."

Again, in *Jack's Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"—by Gor an me had know dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe."

Again, in sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

" Then, the fine broths I daily had ſent to me,
" *Potatoe* paſties, luſty marrow-pies, &c."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

" Give your play-gull a ſtool, and my lady her fool,
" And her uſher *potatoes* and marrow."

Nay, ſo notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old tranſlator of the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When *Menæchmus* goes to the houſe of his miſtreſs *Erotium* to beſpeak a dinner, he adds, " Harke ye, ſome oyſters, a mary-bone pie or two, ſome artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other diſhes be as you pleaſe."

Again, in Greene's *Diſputation between a Hee Conycatcher and a Shee Conycatcher*, 159-: " I pray you, how many badde proffittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hoſpittall woulde wante patientes, and the ſurgians much woorke: the apothecaries woulde have ſurphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon.

" —'tis your only diſh, above all your *potatoes* or oyſter-pies in the world."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by B. and Fletcher:

" A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
" And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!"

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by the ſame authors:

" Will your lordſhip pleaſe to taſte a fine *potato?*
" 'Twill advance your wither'd ſtate,
" Fill your honour full of noble itches, &c."

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

" Will your ladyſhip have a *potatoe-pie?* 'tis a good ſtirring diſh for an old lady after a long lent."

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by the ſame authors:

" ——— Oh, for ſome eringoes,
" *Potatoes*, or cantharides!"

Again,

" See provoking diſhes, candied eringoes
" And *potatoes*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Maſſinger:

" ——— he hath got a pye
" Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

" ——— 'tis the quinteſſence
" Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of ſparrows,
" Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,
" Coral and ambergris, &c.

Again, in the *Guardian*, by the ſame author:

" ———Po-

"———— Potargo,
"*Potatoes*, marrow, caviare ——"

Again, in the *City Madam*, by the ſame:

"—— preſcribes my diet, and foretells
"My dreams when I eat *potatoes*."

Taylor, *the Water poet*, likewiſe, in his character of a *Bawd*, aſcribes the ſame qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609:

"*Potato-pies* and cuſtards ſtood like the ſinful ſuburbs of cookery, &c."

Again, in *Marſton's Satires*, 1599:

"——— camphire and lettice chaſte,
"Are now caſhier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate,
"Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate."

Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, *Deſcription of England*, p. 167:

"Of the *potato* and ſuch *venerous* roots, &c. I ſpeake not."

Laſtly, in ſir John Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596:

"Perhaps you have been uſed to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encreaſe your appetite to ſeverall evacuations."

In the *Good Huſwives Jewell*, a book of cookery publiſhed in 1596, I find the following receipt *to make a tarte that is a courage to a man or woman*:

"Take two *quinces* and twoo or three *burre* rootes, and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and ſcrape your roots and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a ſtrainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-ſparrowes*, and ſtraine them into the other, and a little roſe-water, and ſeeth them all with ſugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves and mace; and put in a little ſweet butter, and ſet it upon a chafing-diſh of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be ſomething bigge."

Gerard elſewhere obſerves in his Herbal, that "*potatoes* may ſerve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or ſugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conſerves and *reſtorative* ſweetmeats."

The ſame venerable botaniſt likewiſe adds, that *the ſtalk of clotburre* "being eaten rawe with ſalt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleaſant to be eaten, and *ſtirreth up venereal motions*. It likewiſe ſtrengtheneth the *back*, &c."

Speaking of *dates*, he ſays, that "thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nouriſhing medicines, and that procure *luſt of the body very mightily*." He alſo mentions *quinces* as having the ſame virtues.

We may likewiſe add, that Shakeſpeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly in-

introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

"They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pastry."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia *potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openauk*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

CYMBELINE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*
Cloten, *ſon to the queen by a former huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a gentleman married to the princeſs.*
Belarius, *a baniſhed lord, diſguiſed under the name of Morgan.*
Guiderius, } *diſguiſed under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, ſuppoſed ſons to Belarius.*
Philario, *an Italian, friend to Poſthumus.*
Iachimo, *friend to Philario.*
Caius Lucius, *ambaſſador from Rome.*
Piſanio, *ſervant to Poſthumus.*
A French Gentleman.
Cornelius, *a Phyſician.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*
Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britain ; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* [2] You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.*

[1] Mr. *Pope* supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts.* This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakespeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston.* STEEVENS.

[2] *You do not meet a man, but* frowns: *our* BLOODS
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, *as does the king's.*] The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance.* And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem.* We should read therefore:

——————— our BROWS
No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the precedent words,
You do not meet a man but *frowns.*

And

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He

And from the following,

——— But not a courtier,
Altho' they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they *scowl* at.——

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,

——— our *looks*
No more obey the *heart* ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.——I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*;—that is, than the *bloods of our courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy* 1619, which has been attributed to Shakespeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. ii.

"——— Were it my fitness
"To let these hands obey my *blood*."

In *K. Henry VIII.* act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

"— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
"As I saw it inclin'd." STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers.
Still seem, as does the *king*.———

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

——— *wear their faces to the bent*
Of the king's look. TYRWHITT.

The

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* [3] I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush

The original reading was probably this:

—— our bloods
No more obey the heavens; *they are* courtiers:
Still seem as does the king's.

i. e. our countenances no longer depend on each *skyey* influence, by which in the ordinary course of things they are regulated; they are become mere courtiers: still are drest either in smiles or frowns, according to *the bent of the king's look*. MALONE.

[3] *I* DO EXTEND *him, sir,* within *himself*;] I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii:

" —— no man is the lord of any thing,

" 'Till

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: [4] Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
[5] A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child

"'Till he communicate his parts to others:
"Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
"'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
"Where they are *extended*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *liv'd in court,*
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised*, is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

[5] *A glass that* featur'd *them*;——] Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom first substituted, for

A glass that *feared* them;———

I have displaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long prescription, because I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title.

Mir-

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Mirrour was a favourite word in that age for an *example*, or a *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dress is regulated by looking in a glass. When Don Bellianis is stiled *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, the idea given is not that of a glass in which every knight may behold his own resemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glass is looked upon by girls; to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glass may *fear the more mature*, as displaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining. To *fear*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*.

If *feated* be the right word, it must, I think, be explained thus: *a glass that* formed *them*; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

Feated is the old reading.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry* IV:

——He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youths did dress *themselves.*

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

The *glass of fashion*, and the mould of form.

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To *dress* a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is *nice*, *exact*. So in the *Tempest*:

——look, how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater *than before.*

To feat therefore may be a verb meaning—to *render nice*, *exact*: by the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded! And the ſearch ſo ſlow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, ſir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my priſoner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, Poſthumus,
So ſoon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:——
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O diſſembling courteſy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds!—My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath; but nothing,

(Always

([1] Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
[2] Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

[1] *(Always reserv'd my holy duty)*——] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

[2] *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakespeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Poſt. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up [3] my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
[4] While ſenſe can keep it on! And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you: For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt priſoner.

Imo. O, the gods!——
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poſt. Alack, the king!

[3] *And* ſear *up my embracements from a next*
With bonds of death!——] Shakeſpeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death.* If ſo, we ſhould read *cere* inſtead of *ſear.*

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Have burſt their *cerements?*

To *ſear up*, is properly to *cloſe up by burning*; but in this paſſage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and uſed the word ſimply for to *cloſe up*. STEEVENS.

[4] *While ſenſe can keep* thee *on!*——] The folio (the only ancient and authentic copy of this play) reads:

While ſenſe can keep it *on!*——

which I believe to be right. The expreſſion means, *while ſenſe can maintain its operations*; *while ſenſe continues to have power.*
STEEVENS.

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid! hence, from my ſight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt: Away!
Thou art poiſon to my blood.

Poſt. The gods protect you!
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth; [5] thou heapeſt
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation; I
Am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; [6] a touch more rare
Subdues

[5] ——— *thou heapeſt*
A year's age on me!] Dr. Warburton reads:
A yare *age on me.*
It ſeems to me, even from Skinner, whom he cites, that *yare* is uſed only as a perſonal quality. Nor is the authority of Skinner ſufficient, without ſome example, to juſtify the alteration. Hanmer's reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy:
——— *thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me.
I read:
——— *thou heap'ſt*
Years, ages, *on me.* JOHNSON.
I would receive Dr. Johnſon's emendation: he is however miſtaken when he ſays that *yare* is uſed only as a perſonal quality. See *Antony and Cleopatra*:
Their ſhips are *yare*, yours heavy.
Yare, however, will by no means apply to Dr. Warburton's ſenſe.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *a touch more* rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is uſed often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any paſſage in which it ſtands for *eminently bad*. May we read:
——— a touch more *near*.
"*Cura deam* propior luctuſque domeſticus angit." *Ovid.*

 Shall

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a [7] puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

Shall we try again:
——a touch more *rear*.
Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example. There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean *a nobler passion*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act I. sc. ii.

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions? &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, a masque, 1623:

"You must not, Phillis, be so sensible
"Of these small *touches* which your passion makes."
"——Small *touches*, Lydia! do you count them small?"

Again:

"When pleasure leaves a *touch* at last
"To shew that it was ill."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"So deep we feel impressed in our blood
"That *touch* which nature with our breath did give."

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly *a more exquisite feeling*, *a superior sensation*. STEEVENS.

7 ——*a puttock*.] A *kite*. JOHNSON.

A man

A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt, ſir: Heaven reſtore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!
They were again together: you have done [*To the queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us to ourſelves; and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie!—you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant.—How now, ſir? What news?

Piſ. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend; he takes his part.——

To draw upon an exile !—O brave ſir !——
I would they were in Africk both together ;
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your maſter ?
Piſ. On his command : He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven : left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Piſ. I humbly thank your highneſs.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me :
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my lord aboard :
For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice : Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it——
Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt : it is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt ; it went o' the back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, [8] her beauty and her brain go not together: [9] She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

[8] ——*her beauty and her brain*, &c.] I believe the lord means to ſpeak a ſentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

[9] ——*She's a good ſign*,——] If *ſign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *conſtellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the anſwer, that he wrote *ſhine*. So, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"As if, from thence, they borrowed all their *ſhine*." WARBURTON.

There is acuteneſs enough in this note, yet I believe the poet meant nothing by *ſign*, but *fair outward* ſhew. JOHNSON.

The ſame alluſion is common to other writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

"————a common trull,
"A tempting *ſign*, and curiouſly ſet forth
"To draw in riotous gueſts."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the ſame authors:

"Stand ſtill, thou *ſign* of man.——"

To underſtand the whole force of Shakeſpeare's idea, it ſhould be remember'd that anciently almoſt every *ſign* had a motto, or ſome attempt at a witticiſm, underneath it. STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Imogen's apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, ¹ 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

¹ ——— ———'*twere a paper lost*
As offer'd mercy is.——] i. e. Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offer'd mercy. But the Oxford Editor amends it thus:

——— 'twere a paper lost,
With offer'd mercy *in it.* WARBURTON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*;

"Like a remorseful *pardon* slowly carried."

Dr. Warburton's opinion may, however, be supported from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. l. 185:

"The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
"Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
"Th' incensed deity, while *offer'd grace*
"Invites." STEEVENS.

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Piſ. No, madam; [2] for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of his mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; [3] 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle:

[2] ——*for ſo long*
As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others.——] But how could Poſthumus make himſelf diſtinguiſhed by his *ear* to Piſanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear: and this was certainly Shakeſpeare's intention. We muſt therefore read:

As he could make me with *this* eye or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others.——

The expreſſion is δεικτικῶς, as the Greeks term it: the party ſpeaking points to that part ſpoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——·——for ſo long
As he could *mark* me with his eye, or *I*
Diſtinguiſh——————

The reaſon of Hanmer's reading was, that Piſanio deſcribes no addreſs made to the *ear*. JOHNSON.

[3] ————*'till the diminution*
Of ſpace *had pointed him ſharp as my needle:*] *The diminution of ſpace*, is *the diminution* of which *ſpace* is the cauſe. Trees are killed by a blaſt of lightning, that is, by *blaſting*, not *blaſted* lightning. JOHNSON.

Nay,

Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his [4] next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; [5] or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
[6] Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

[4] ———*next vantage.*] Next *opportunity*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——————*or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words; ——] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were *adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Shakes all our* buds *from growing.*] A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

———*the tyrannous breathing of the north,*
Shakes *all our buds from growing.*
A great critic proposes to read:
Shuts *all our buds from* blowing:

And

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ROME.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman[7].

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments

and his emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakespeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose*:

"It is the very emblem of a maid.
"For when the *west* wind courts her gentily,
"How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
"With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her
"Rude and impatient, then like charity,
"She *shuts* her beauties in her *bud* again,
"And leaves him to base briars." FARMER.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May."

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*."

STEEVENS.

[7] —*and a Frenchman.*] The old copy reads—*a* Frenchman, *a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.* STEEVENS.

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which [8] makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) [9] words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, [1] under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar [2] without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all,

[8] —*makes him*—] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

[9] —*words him*—*a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

[1] —*under her colours,*—] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

[2] —*without more quality.*—] The folio reads *less quality.* Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad [3] I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; [4] rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelyhood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick,

[3] —— *I did atone*, &c.] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. So Ben. Jonson, in *The Silent Woman:*

"There had been some hope to *atone* you."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil."

Again,

"Yet for thy sake I am *aton'd* with all." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard*, &c.] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. JOHNSON.

publick, [5] which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; [6] though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. [7] If she went before others I have

[5] ——*which may, without contradiction,*——] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

[6] —*though I profess*, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could* not *believe she excelled many*, ———] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, "I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, though I know there are other diamonds of much greater value." WARBURTON.

The old reading, I think, may very well stand; and I have therefore replaced it. "If (says Iachimo) your mistress went before some others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond outlustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit

have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a

mit on that account that she excelled many: but I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced." The passage is not nonsense. It was the business of Iachimo to appear on this occasion as an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager, and therefore will not admit of her excellence on any comparison.

The author of *The Revisal* would read:

I could but *believe.*——— STEEVENS.

I should explain the sentence thus: "Though your lady excelled as much as your diamond, *I could not believe she excelled many*; that is, I too *could* yet *believe that there are* many *whom* she did not excel." But I yet think Dr. Warburton right.

JOHNSON.

courtier, [1] to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if, in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves; notwithſtanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething: But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal [2] abus'd in too bold a perſuaſion; and I doubt not you ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A repulſe: Though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my eſtate, and my neighbour's, on the [3] approbation of what I have ſpoke.

[1] —*to convince the honour of my miſtreſs;*—] *Convince*, for *overcome*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——their malady *convinces*
" The great eſſay of art." JOHNSON.

[2] —*abus'd*—] *Deceiv'd.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*approbation*—] Proof. JOHNSON.

Poſt.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. [4] You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—[5] If I bring you no sufficient

[4] *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiser.*——] I correct it:
You are afraid, *and therein the wiser.*
What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:
——But, I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear.*
WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. JOHNSON.

[5] Iach. ——*If I bring you* no *sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are* yours; *so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, &c.

ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours; ſo is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate: if ſhe remain unſeduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwiſe) for your ill opinion, and the aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold,

Poſt. *I embrace theſe conditions*, &c.] This was a wager between the two ſpeakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Poſthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Poſthumus, namely, that if his wife preſerved her honour he ſhould win: concerning the other, in caſe ſhe preſerved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is ſilent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him ſharp enough in the proſecution of his bet, we ſhould ſtrike out the negative, and read the reſt thus: *If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd*, &c. *my ten thouſand ducats are* mine; *ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour*, &c. *ſhe your jewel*, &c. *and my gold are* yours. WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakeſpeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpoſe, ſhould deſignedly drop the invidious and offenſive part of the wager, and to flatter Poſthumus, dwell long upon the more pleaſing part of the repreſentation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

JOHNSON.

and

and ſtarve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt Poſthumus, and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers;
Make haſte: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Diſpatch.— [*Exeunt ladies.*
Now, maſter doctor; have you brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay: here they are, madam:
But I beſeech your grace, (without offence;
My conſcience bids me aſk) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtill? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me deviliſh) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
[6] Other concluſions? I will try the forces

[6] *Other concluſions?*——] Other *experiments.* *I commend*, ſays Walton, *an angler that tries* concluſions, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. [7] Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.——

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside*,
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside*.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—— [*To Pisanio*,

Cor. [*Aside*.] [8] I do not like her. She doth think, she has

Strange

[7] *Your highness*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

[8] *I do not like her.*——] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.

JOHNSON.

I do

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: 9 to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing 1 that leans?

I do not like her.——] This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceiv'd as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

9 —— *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

1 —*that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNSON.

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops a phial: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
[2] Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
[*Exit Pisanio.*
Think on my words.—A sly, and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
[3] Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

[2] *Think what a* chance *thou* changest *on*;——] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on;——
and Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on;——
but unnecessarily. The meaning is: "think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." STEEVENS.

[3] *Of* leigers *for her sweet*;——] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:
"———— Lord Angelo
"Intends you for his swift ambassador;
"Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*." STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Pisanio, and ladies.

To taste of too.—So,—so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Imogen's apartment.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! [4] but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: [5] Blessed be those,
How

[4] *—but most miserable*
Is the desire that's glorious:—] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chuses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to, *The* degree *that's glorious.* WARBURTON.

[5] *—Blessed be those,*
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—] The last words are equivocal; but

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for or desire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

——— ——Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
With reason's comfort.——

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.
JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclinations, which circumstance *bestows an additional relish* on *comfort* itself."

"You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"——the memory of misfortunes past
"*Seasons* the welcome."——— STEEVENS.

Imogen

Imogen reads.

—— *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.——
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes [*Aside.*
To see this vaulted arch, [6] and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, [7] and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo.

[6] —— *and the rich* crop
Of sea and land, ——] He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land. Shakespeare therefore wrote:
—— and the rich *cope.* WARBURTON.
Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land.* When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? *The crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *and the twinn'd stones*
Upon the number'd *beach?* ——] I have no idea in what sense the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd.* I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute:
Upon th' unnumber'd *beach?* ——
i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage,* like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses:*
" (In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
" Corpora.)" ——

And

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
[8] Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo.

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?] Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus:

Upon the *humbled* beach?——

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide. WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by B. and Fletcher:

——"But is it possible that two faces
"Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion, &c.

Again in our author's *Coriolanus*, act IV. sc. iv:

Are still together, who *twin* as 'twere, in love.

The author of *The Revisal* conjectures the poet might have written *spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word.——In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

"Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
"Fillop the stars——"

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. vi. c. 7.

"But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass." STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

[8] *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*
Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. WARBURTON.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
[*To Pisanio.*
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
[9] He's strange, and peevish.

Pis.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made *to vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit, emptiness
Not so *allure* to feed.

That is, Should *not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed*. TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

We might read—*vomit* to *emptiness*. The oddity and indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following circumstance in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Now will I essay to *vomit* if I can;
"Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach, &c."
"*Here money shall make as though he would* vomit."

Again: "*Here pleasure shall make as though he would* vomit."

STEEVENS.

[9] *He's* strange, *and peevish*.] He is a foreigner, and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

Strange

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller [1].

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces [2]
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735: "——brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Lylly's *Galatea*, when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in *Love's Metamorphosis* by Lylly, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,
"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*he is call'd*
The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*he* furnaces
The thick sighs from him;——] So in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "——*furnaceth* the universall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world."

STEEVENS.

(Your

(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be,—will his free hours languiſh
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, ſir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me; What wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I' the dungeon by a ſnuff?

Imo. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

Imo. You do ſeem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, [3] timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
[4] What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs [5]
That mount the Capitol; [6] join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base

[3] ——*timely knowing,*] Rather timely *known.* JOHNSON.

[4] *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

What both you spur and stop.] I think Imogen means to enquire what is that news, that intelligence, or information, you profess to bring, and yet with-hold: at least I think Dr. Johnson's explanation a mistaken one, for Imogen's request supposes Iachimo an agent, not a patient. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I think my explanation true. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*as common as the stairs*
That mount the Capitol;——] Shakespeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the high-way." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*join gripes with hands,* &c.] The old edition reads
——join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (*falshood* as
With labour) then *by* peeping in an eye, &c.

I read,
——then *lye* peeping——
The author of the present regulation of the text I do not know, but have suffered it to stand, though not right. *Hard with falshood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

——*join gripes with hands*
Made hourly hard by falshood, as by labour;
Then glad myself with peeping in an eye,] Mr. Rowe first regu-

Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery [1],
Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys [2], [3] hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which

regulated the passage thus, as it has been handed down by succeeding editors; but the repetition which they wished to avoid, is now restored, for if it be not absolute nonsense, why should we refuse to follow the old copy? STEEVENS.

[1] —*to an* empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakespeare uses it in another play:

"Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own."

STEEVENS.

[2] *With* tomboys,] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1625:

"Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "If thou should'st rigg up and down in our jackets, thou wouldst be thought a very *tomboy*."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*:

"What humourous *tomboys* be these?——

"The only gallant Messalinas of our age."

It appears, from several of the old plays, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakespeare, often went abroad in the habits of young men. Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*. "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; heerof wee yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence."

STEEVENS.

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff *,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips [4].

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—

[3] ——*hir'd with that self-exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

* ——*such* boil'd *stuff*,] So in the *Old Law* by Massinger:
"—— look *parboil'd*,
"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:
"—— she *swears* him to his good abearing,
"Whilst her faire sweet *lips* were the books of swearing."
STEEVENS.

The

The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger, in his court, to mart
[5] As in a Romiſh ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all.——What ho, Piſanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may ſay;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit!—Bleſſed live you long!
A lady to the worthieſt ſir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath

[5] *As in a Romiſh ſtew,*——] The ſtews of Rome are deſervedly cenſured by the reformed. This is one of many inſtances in which Shakeſpeare has mingled the manners of diſtant ages in this play. JOHNSON.

Romiſh was in the time of Shakeſpeare uſed inſtead of *Roman.* There were ſtews at Rome in the time of Auguſtus. The ſame phraſe occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"———— my mother deem'd me chang'd,
"Poor woman! in the loathſome *Romiſh* ſtewes:"

and the author of this piece appears to have been a ſcholar. Again in *Wit in a Conſtable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

"A *Romiſh* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome."

Again in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book of Horace, 1567:

"The *Romiſhe* people wiſe in this, in this point only juſt."

STEEVENS.

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, [6] being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:

[6] ——*being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

There-

Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-ſtood my time; which is material
To the tender of our preſent.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had ſuch luck! when I [7] kiſs'd the jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreſon jackanapes muſt take me up for ſwearing; as if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*

[7] ——*kiſs'd the jack upon an up-caſt,*——] He is deſcribing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the ſmall bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is neareſt to it wins. *To kiſs the jack* is a ſtate of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

"This city *bowler* has *kiſs'd* the miſtreſs at the firſt *caſt*."
STEEVENS.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* [8] No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, —A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, [9] with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake [1] every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

[8] *No, my lord*; &c.] This, I believe, should stand thus:
1 *Lord.* No, my lord.
2 *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*every* companion——] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your iſſues being fooliſh, do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian: What I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and firſt Lord.*

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce [1] he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Pleaſe you, madam.

[1] —he'd *make!*—] In the old editions:
—— hee'ld *make!* ——
Hanmer,
——hell made.——
In which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canſt awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies[3], and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye! [*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: [4] Our Tarquin thus
[5] Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd

[3] *From fairies,* &c.] In Macbeth is a prayer like this:
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe! STEEVENS.

[4] ——our *Tarquin*——] The ſpeaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

[5] *Did ſoftly preſs the* ruſhes,——] It was the cuſtom in the time of our author to ſtrew chambers with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham,* 1592:
"——his blood remains.
"Why ſtrew *ruſhes.*"

Again:
"For in his ſlip'd ſhoe I did find ſome *ruſhes.*"

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois,* 1641:
"Were not the king here, he ſhould ſtrew the chamber like a *ruſh.*"

Shakeſpeare has the ſame circumſtance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*
"————by the light he ſpies
"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle ſticks;
"He takes it from the *ruſhes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient Engliſh ſtage, as appears from more than one paſſage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook,* 1609, was ſtrewn with *ruſhes:* "—Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are ſpred either on the *ruſhes* or on ſtooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *ſtage* after you." STEEVENS.

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd[6]
Under these windows: [7] White and azure! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:——
Such, and such pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures?
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

[6] ——*now canopy'd*] Shakespeare has the same expression in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:
"Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
"And *canopy'd* in darkness sweetly lay,
"'Till they might open to adorn the day." MALONE.

[7] ——*white* and *azure! lac'd*
With *blue of heaven's own tinct.*——] We should read:
——white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heaven's own tinct.—] i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

A mole

A mole cinque-spotted, [8] like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up——I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, [9] you dragons of the night! [1] that dawning

May

8 ——*like the crimson drops*
I' the bottom of a cowslip:——] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakespeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

9 ——*you* dragons *of the night!*——] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*: "the *dragon womb* of Stygian darkness." It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

1 ——— *that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye:*——] Some copies read *bare*, or *make bare*; others *ope*. But the true reading is *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey*. Hence it is so commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning*. And *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's *eye*."

Had Shakespeare meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake, he had instanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riser. Besides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven's* eye was of no advantage to the speaker, but it was of much advantage that it should *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the Oxford editor judiciously alters it to:

May *bare* its raven-eye.—— WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation. JOHNSON.

——*that*

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three:—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk: the scene closes.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

——*that dawning*
May bare *the raven's eye:*——] The old reading is *beare.* The colour of the *raven's eye* is not *grey*, but totally *black.* This I affirm on repeated inspection: therefore the poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye.* STEEVENS.

SONG.

SONG.

[2] *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
[3] *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;

[2] *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v:
" ———ye birds
" That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend."
Again, in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet:
" Like to the lark at break of day arising
" From sullen earth, *sings* hymns *at heaven's gate.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:
Each *chalic'd* flower supplies;
to escape a false concord: but correctness must not be obtained by such licentious alterations. It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

———*those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies.] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom quite worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*
And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.*
PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

Shakespeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,
" Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies.*"
STEEVENS.

And

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that [4] *pretty bin:*
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider [5] your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts [6], nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.——Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

[4] ——*pretty* bin,] is very properly restored by Hanmer, for *pretty is*: but he too grammatically reads:
With *all the things* that pretty *bin.* JOHNSON.
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, book i. c. I.
"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they *been.*"
Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both fresh and fair."
Again—"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May." Again,
"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."
Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*I will* consider *your music the better:*——] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act IV:
"——being something gently *consider'd*, I'll bring you, &c."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*cats-guts*,——] The old copy reads——*calves-guts.*
STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits [7]; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Encrease your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, [8] his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

[7] *To orderly solicits;*——] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*his goodness* forespent *on us,*] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

Let

Let her lie ſtill, and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [Knocks.
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves[9], yield up
Their deer to the ſtand o' the ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave. [Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.

Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe taylors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?

Clot. Your lady's perſon: Is ſhe ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; ſell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good?—The princeſs——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſweet hand.

[9] ——*falſe themſelves,*——] Perhaps, in this inſtance, *falſe* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as ſuch I think is uſed in another of our author's plays. Spenſer often has it:
"Thou *falſed* haſt thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

Imo.

Imo. Good-morrow, ſir: You lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clot. Still, I ſwear, I love you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me: faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: [1] one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. [2] To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin:
I will not.

Imo.

[1] —*one of your* great knowing
Should learn, being taught, *forbearance.*] i. e. A man *who is taught forbearance ſhould learn it.* JOHNSON.

[2] *To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin.*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* are *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do:*] But does ſhe really call him fool? The acuteſt critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplexed by a ſlight corruption, and we muſt reſtore it thus:
Fools *cure* not mad folks.
You are mad, ſays he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourſelf. Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A fool never cured madneſs. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think is very evident from what Imogen immediately ſubjoins:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That *cures* us both.——
i. e. If you'll ceaſe to torture me with your fooliſh ſolicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any thing like madneſs; ſo a double cure will be effected of your folly, and my ſuppoſed frenzy.
WARBURTON.

Fools

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being [1] so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.
Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
[2] The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) [3] in self-figur'd knot;
Yet

Fools are not mad folks.] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*so verbal:*—] Is, so *verbose*, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

[2] *The contract*, &c.] Here Shakespeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.——

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*in* self-figur'd *knot;*] This is nonsense. We should read:

——— self-finger'd *knot;*

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—[4] How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool [5];

i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

[4] *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

——*all made such men.*
Clot. *How now?*
Imo. *Pisanio!* JOHNSON.

[5] *I am* sprighted *with a fool*;] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

——Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*. STEEVENS.

Frighted,

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for [6] a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clot. You have abus'd me:——
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?——Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ROME.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;

[6] ——*a jewel, that* too casually
Hath left mine arm;——] i. e. Too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness. WARBURTON.

Quake in the present winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come: In theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Auguſtus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commiſſion throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, ſend the arrearages,
[7] Or look upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt [8] though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their diſcipline
(Now [9] mingled with their courages) will make known
[1] To their approvers, they are people, ſuch
That mend upon the world.

[7] Or *look* ———] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is uſed for *e'er*. So Douglas, in his tranſlation of *Virgil*:

" ———ſufferit he alſo,
" *Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio." STEEVENS.

[8] *Statiſt*] i. e. Stateſman. STEEVENS.

[9] ——mingled *with their courages*——] The old folio has this odd reading:

———— Their diſcipline,
(Now *wing-led* with their courages) will make known.
JOHNSON.

————.—— *Their diſcipline,*
Now wing-led *with their courages*] May mean their diſcipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

[1] *To their approvers*, ——] i. e. To thoſe who try them.
WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phil. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
[2] *Post.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,

[2] *Post.*] I think this speech should be given to Philario. Posthumus was employed in reading his letters. STEEVENS.

Your loſs your ſport: I hope, you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion further: but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poſt. If you can make it apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes,
Your ſword, or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumſtances,
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
[3] And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: A piece of work

So

[3] *And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for*
The preſs of boats, or pride.——] This is an agreeable ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human paſſions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himſelf writes in the foregoing play on this very ſubject:
" ———And made
" The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
" *As amorous of their ſtrokes.*"

But

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to persuade him of his wife's falshood. The very same kind of satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where the false Protheus says to his friend, of his friend's mistress:

"—— and she hath offer'd to the doom,
"Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
"*A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.*"

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal, breaking out under a satire, by which he would insinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. WARBURTON.

It is easy to sit down and give our author meanings which he never had. Shakespeare has no great right to censure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written first. The commentator has contented himself to suppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier composition. Nor is the reasoning better than the assertion. If the language of Iachimo be such as shews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his business was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

[4] So likely to report themſelves: the cutter
[5] Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands[6].

Poſt. [7] This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this, (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

[4] *So likely to report themſelves:*——] So near to ſpeech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeneſs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking picture*. JOHNSON.

[5] Was *as another nature*, dumb;——] This nonſenſe ſhould without queſtion be read and pointed thus:

Has as another nature *done*; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

i. e. Has worked as exquiſitely, nay has exceeded her, if you will put motion and breath out of the queſtion. WARBURTON.

This emendation I think needleſs. The meaning is this: The *ſculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *ſpeech*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——————*nicely*
Depending on their brands.] I am not ſure that I underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps Shakeſpeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poized on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render ſuch a ſupport neceſſary. STEEVENS.

[7] This is *her honour!*——
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, &c.] Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his point; and, in confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the huſband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bed-chamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a princeſs's honour? It is an *apparatus* ſuitable to her dignity,

Iach. Then, [a] if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet,*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. • Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,

dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been called her father's honour, that her allotments were proportioned to her rank and quality. I am persuaded the poet intended Posthumus should say, "This particular description, which you make, cannot convince me that I have lost my wager: your memory is good; and some of these things you may have learned from a third hand, or seen yourself; yet I expect proofs more direct and authentic." I think there is little question but we ought to restore the place as I have done:

What's this t' her honour? THEOBALD.

This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

This is her honour!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

[a] —— *if you can,*
Be pale; ——] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

Where

Where there's another man : [9] The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : [1] I am sure,
She could not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal it!

And

[9] — *The vows of women,* &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— — *I'm sure*
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal it,
And by a stranger!—no,—] The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted and exposed. Posthumus, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that she was false to his bed ; and grounds that judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of her attendants. WARBURTON.

Her attendants are all sworn *and honourable.*] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the houshold book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expressly ordered [page 49] that "what person soever he be that comyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be entered

And by a ſtranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
[2] The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſuaded well of——

Poſt. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
[3] (Worthy the preſſing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiſs'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poſt. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

tered in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *ſworn* in the countyng hous by a gentillman-uſher or yeman-uſher in the preſence of the hede officers; and on theire abſence before the clerke of the kechynge either by ſuch an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any ſuch [oath] be, or ells by ſuch an oth as ſhall ſeyme beſte to their diſcrecion."

Even now every *ſervant* of the king's, at his firſt appointment, is ſworn in, before a gentleman uſher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

[2] *The cognizance*——] The badge; the token; the viſible proof. JOHNSON.

[3] *(Worthy the preſſing)*—] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(Worthy *her* preſſing)—— JOHNSON.

Iach. I'll be ſworn,——

Poſt. No ſwearing:—

If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou haſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:——I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*

Phil. Quite beſides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another room in Philario's houſe.

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. [1] Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? We are all baſtards;
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was ſtamp'd; ſome coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time: ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!

[1] *Is there no way*, &c.] Milton was very probably indebted to this ſpeech for one of the ſentiments which he has given to Adam. *Paradiſe Loſt*, book x.

" ———O why did God,
" Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
" With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
" This novelty on earth, this fair defect
" Of nature, and not fill the world at once
" With men as angels without feminine,
" *Or find ſome other way to generate*
" *Mankind?*" STEEVENS.

Me

Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,——was't not?—
Or leſs,—at firſt: Perchance he ſpoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them:—Yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us [1]?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
It left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

[1] *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So in *K. John*:

Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

STEEVENS.

With

[2] With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to the top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
[3] (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to maſter Cæſar's ſword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch Cæſars: other of them may have crook'd noſes; but, to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Caſſibelan: I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay

[2] *With rocks unſcaleable,*——] This reading is Hanmer's. The old editions have:

With *oaks* unſcalable,—— JOHNSON.

"The ſtrength of our land conſiſts of our ſeamen in their wooden forts and caſtles; our *rocks*, ſhelves, and *ſirtes*, that lye along our coaſts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Diſcipline*, 1639, ſeemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart.* TOLLET.

[3] *(Poor* ignorant *baubles!)*——] *Ignorant*, for *of no uſe.* WARBURTON.

Rather, *unacquainted* with the nature of our boiſterous ſeas. JOHNSON.

him

him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) [4] against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:——War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:——Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. [5] Thou art welcome, Caius.

[4] ——*against all colour*,——] Without any pretence of right.
JOHNSON.

[5] *Thou art welcome, Caius.*
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him:———] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

"Kymbeline, says he, (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me [6] keep at utterance. [7] I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"——Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute."

"——But whether the controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kimbeline, I have not a vouch."

"——Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

6 ——*keep at utterance.*——] i. e. At extreme distance. WARBURTON.

More properly, in a state of hostile defiance, and deadly opposition. JOHNSON.

At utterance means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "——Here is my gage to sustaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death." STEEVENS.

7 ——*I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:
"——in your state of honour *I am perfect*." JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Another room.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
[8] What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? [9] What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would [1] take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter* [Reading.

[8] *What monsters her accuse?*—] Might we not safely read:
What *monster's* her *accuser?*— STEEVENS.

[9] —*What false Italian,*
(*As pois'nous tongu'd, as handed*)—] About Shakespeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

[1] —take in *some virtue.*—] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNSON.
So in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
—cut the Ionian seas,
And *take in* Toryne— STEEVENS.

That

That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:——O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
Art thou a feodary for this act [2], and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

[3] I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
[4] O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.——You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him [5]!
(Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
[6] For it doth physic love)—of his content,

[2] *Art thou a* feodary *for this act?*—] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

[3] *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

[4] *O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer*, &c.] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*let that grieve him!*] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet *no*;
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!

TYRWHITT.

[6] *For it doth* physic *love*)]—— That is, grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So in *Macbeth:*

The labour we delight in, *physics pain.* STEEVENS.

All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—[7] Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reading.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains [8] loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;

7 ———*Blest be*
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.——] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blest by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

8 ——*loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,*] I read:
Loyal to his vow and *you*, increasing in love. JOHNSON.

We should rather, I think, read thus: —*and your, increasing in love*, Leonatus Posthumus.——To make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is *a participle present*, and not a *noun*.
TYRWHITT.

For

For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
'Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pry'thee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam,'s enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
[9] That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
[1] A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. [2] I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor

[9] *That run i' the clock's behalf:*——] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

[1] *A* franklin's *housewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*. JOHNSON.

[2] *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro.'——] Where is the substantive to which this relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as well as grammar, is defective. I have

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a forest, in Wales, with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! [3] Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs

I have ventured to restore, against the authority of the printed copies:

———but have a fog in *ken*,
That I cannot look thro'.———

Imogen would say: "Don't talk of considering, man; I neither see present events, nor consequences; but am in a mist of fortune, and resolved to proceed on the project determined." *In ken*, means in prospect, within sight, before my eyes. THEOBALD.

I see before me, man; nor here nor there,
Nor what ensues, but *have a fog in them*,
That I cannot look through.——] Shakespeare says she can see before her, yet on which side soever she looks there is a fog which she cannot see through. This nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of but *have a fog*, for, that *have a fog*; and then all is plain. "I see before me (says she) for there is no fog on any side of me which I cannot see through." Mr. Theobald objects to *a fog in them*, and asks for *the substantive to which the relative plural* (them) *relates*. The substantive is, *places*, implied in the words *here*, *there*, and *what ensues*: for not to know that Shakespeare perpetually takes these liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his strange stuff of *a fog in ken*. WARBURTON.

This passage may, in my opinion, be very easily understood, without any emendation. The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

3 ——Stoop *boys*:——] The old copy reads:—*sleep*, boys:—from whence Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*stoop*, boys—

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep [4] their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
[5] This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
[6] The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

boys - as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads "*See* boys—", which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

[4] —*their impious turbands on*,—] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

[5] *This service is not service*, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

[6] *The* sharded *beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 103. b.

"That with his swerd, and with his spere,
"He might not the serpent dere:
"He was so *sherded* all aboute,
"It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.
STEEVENS.

Is nobler, than attending for a check [7];
Richer, [8] than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

[7] —*attending for a* check;] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof*; but I rather think it signifies *command, controul.* Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*than doing nothing for a* bauble;] i. e. Vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads, *for a bribe*. WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not. The old edition reads:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *babe*.

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble*; and Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So in *All's well that ends well*, act IV. sc. v. the clown says:

"I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir."

It was a kind of truncheon, (says sir John Hawkins) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than *a sinecure* at court, *of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.*

So, in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1623:

"Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable?*"

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these unhappy orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *brabe*.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

Guild

Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
[9] To stride a limit.

Arv. [1] What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. [2] How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;

[9] *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

[1] *What should we speak of*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

[2] *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

And

And hath as oft a ſlanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deſerve by doing well; what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure:—O, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather [3].

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, theſe twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter;
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*

How hard it is, to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

[3] *And left me bare to weather.*] So in *Timon:*
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh,
Fallen from their boughs, and *left me open, bare,*
For every ſtorm that blows. STEEVENS.

They

They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly
[4] I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,

[4] *I' the cave*, &c.] Mr. Pope reads:

Here in the cave, *wherein* their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces;————

but the sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read:

I' the cave, *whereon the bow* their thoughts do hit, &c.

Mr. Rowe saw this likewise was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I' the cave, *where, on* the bow, their thoughts do hit, &c.

I think it should be only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another:

I' the cave, *there*, on the *brow*,————

And so the grammar and syntax of the sentence is complete. We call the *arching* of a *cavern*, or *overhanging* of a *hill*, metaphorically, the *brow*; and in like manner the Greeks and Latins used ὀφρὺς, and *supercilium*. THEOBALD.

—— *tho' train'd up thus meanly*,
I' the cave, there on the brow,——] The old editions read:

I' the cave *whereon the bow*;————

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading; which, when rightly pointed, is thus:

————though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave *wherein they bow*————

i. e. Thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave:

A goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose *roof's as low* as ours. See, boys! this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

I' the cave, *here in this brow*.————

I think the reading is this:

I' the cave, wherein the *bow*, &c.

That is, they are trained up in the *cave*, *where their thoughts* in hitting the *bow*, or arch of their habitation, hit *the roofs of palaces*. In other words, though their condition is low, their thoughts are high. The sentence is at last, as Theobald remarks, abrupt, but perhaps no less suitable to Shakespeare. I know not whether Dr. Warburton's conjecture be not better than mine.
JOHNSON.

In

In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. [5] This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, [6] I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

[5] ——*This Polydore,*——] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I stole these babes;*] Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.——The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
[7] Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear[8], ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st

[7] *Where is Posthumus?*——] Shakespeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Posthŭmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirăgus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by Alexander Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darīus* is always called *Darĭus*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrătes*:

"The diadem that *Darĭus* erst had borne——
"The famous *Euphrătes* to be your border——"

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrătes*."

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrătes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*haviour*——] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakespeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, Æglogue 9:

"Their ill *haviour* garres men missay." STEEVENS.

But

But keep that countenance ſtill.—My huſband's hand!
That [9]drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at ſome hard point.——Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy miſtreſs, Piſanio, hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes; but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Piſanio, muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; ſhe hath my letter for the purpoſe: Where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Out-venoms [1] all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and [2]ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave

9 —*drug-damn'd*——] This is another alluſion to Italian poiſons. JOHNSON.

1 —*worms of Nile*;—] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, ſeveral inſtances are given in the laſt act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

2 —*ſtates*,] Perſons of higheſt rank. JOHNSON.

This

This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—[3] Some jay of Italy,
[4] Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,

[3] —*Some* jay *of Italy*,] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. "teach him to know turtles from *jays*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Whose* mother *was her painting*,——] This puzzles Mr. Theobald much: he thinks it may signify, *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Rowe's edition, the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, Gildon employed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is *meether*, a north country word, signifying *beauty*. So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint. WARBURTON.

Some jay of Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece:

"——a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers*
"*were their garments*." STEEVENS.

By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: [5] So, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

[5] ———*So, thou, Posthumus,*
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;] When Posthumus thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

———lay the *level*———

without any necessity. JOHNSON.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;——
[2] Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.——What is here?
[3] The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
[4] That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me——Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

[2] *Something's* afore't——] The old copy reads:
Something's *a-foot*—— JOHNSON.

[3] *The* scriptures———] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd:*
"The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'."
Shakespeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

[4] *That now thou tir'st on,*——] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. [4] I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
[5] To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:

[4] *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.*
Imo. *Wherefore then*] This is the old reading. The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by *Ah*, wherefore. I read:
I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

[5] *To be unbent,*——] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to hunter. JOHNSON.

Some

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: [6] Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark

[6] ——*Now, if you could wear a* mind
Dark as your fortune is;——] What had the *darkness* of her *mind* to do with the concealment of person, which is here advis'd? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchang'd, in order to support her change of fortune. Shakespeare wrote:
——Now, if you could wear a *mein*.
Or, according to the French orthography, from whence I presume arose the corruption:
——Now, if you could wear a *mine*. WARBURTON.

Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and [7] full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
[8] Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: [9] nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*, applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that* greatness, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itself*. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*full of view*:——] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

[8] Though *peril to my modesty*,————] I read:
Through peril————
I would for such means adventure through *peril of modesty*; I would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*nay, you must*
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
Exposing it (*but, oh, the harder* heart!
Alack, no remedy) I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:
——the harder *hap*!—— JOHNSON.

Of

Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, ([1] which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but [2] we'll even
All that good time will give us: [3] This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with

[1] ——*which* you'll *make him know,*] This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

——which *will* make him know.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be:

——which will make him *so.*

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*we'll* even
All that good time will give us:——] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*This attempt*
I am soldier to,——] i. e. I have inlisted and bound myself to it. WARBURTON.

A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewel;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;—
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.——To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewel.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.——
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:——
So, farewel, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have croſt the Severn.——Happineſs!
[*Exit. Lucius, &c.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a ſervant.*
Queen. Royal ſir,
Since the exile of Poſthumus, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, ſir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Serv. Pleaſe you, ſir,

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!
[*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;

And

[4]And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

[4] *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady ladies woman; *from each one*
The best she hath, ———] The second line is intolerable nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus:

Than lady ladies; *winning* from each one.

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies*] *winning* from each of them the best of their good qualities, &c. *Lady* is a plural verb, and *ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in Shakespeare's way, and suiting the folly of the character. WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the second line to be intolerable, or to be nonsense. The speaker only rises in his ideas. *She has all courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than* any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*. Is this nonsense? JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, act II. sc. iii. "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

TOLLET.

Thy

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [5] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen, [*Aside.*

[5] *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it*: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.* STEEVENS.

Safe

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:——I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:——Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—

body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The forest and cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When

When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lye,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
[1] Is sorer, than to lye for need; and falshood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
[2] If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take,

[1] *Is sorer,*——] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNSON.
[2] *If any thing that's* civil, ——] *Civil*, for human creature. WARBURTON.

If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.——] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beast. If it be the former, she bids him *speak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a savage beast, what then? *Take or lend*—We should read:

Take *'or 't end.*——

i. e. Take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly used for *ere*: this agrees to all that went before. But the Oxford editor cuts the knot:

Take, or yield food,

says he; as if it was possible so plain a sentence should ever have been blundered into *Take or lend*. WARBURTON.

I suppose the emendation proposed will not easily be received; it is strained and obscure, and the objection against Hanmer's reading is likewise very strong. I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read;

——Ho!

Take, or lend.—Ho!—No anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury: Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that,

———Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, *take or lend*,
If ſavage, *ſpeak*.

If you are *civiliſed* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhoſpitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *ſpeak*, that I may know my ſtate. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of theſe words is confirmed by what Imogen ſays afterwards—

"I call'd, and thought to have *begg'd* or *bought*." MALONE.

If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!——] It is by no means neceſſary to ſuppoſe that *ſavage hold* ſignifies the habitation of *a beaſt*. It may as well be uſed for the cave of a *ſavage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were repreſented as reſiding in the woods, like the famous *Orſon*, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the ſavage in the ſeventh canto of the fourth book of Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

Whilſt

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness

No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted

With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who

Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,

I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,

Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds

By

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
[3] I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mong'st friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! [4] then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

[3] I'd *bid for you, as I'd buy.*] This is Hanmer's reading. The other copies,

I bid for you, as I do buy. JOHNSON.

I think this passage might be better read thus:—

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your *bride-groom.* [And when I say that I would *woo hard,* be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation, which is undoubtedly the true one. STEEVENS.

[4] —*then had my prize*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting] Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize,* and *balancing* for *ballasting.* He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
[1] That nothing gift of differing multitudes)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ROME.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
[2] That since the common men are now in action

[1] *That nothing gift of differing multitudes)*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *defering* multitudes:

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.——Deferer, *Ceder par respect a quelcun, obeir, condescendre*, &c.—Deferent, *civil, respectueux*, &c. Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

[2] *That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians, And that*, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: [3] and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter Cloten.

I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-

[3] ——*and to you, the tribunes,*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.——] Commands *his commission* is such a phrase as Shakespeare would hardly have used. I have ventured to substitute:

——he *commends*
His absolute commission.—

i. e. He recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an absolute commission for so doing. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commission to be given to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen.

JOHNSON.

ments

ments ſerve me! Why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word) for, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions: yet this [4] imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off; thy miſtreſs enforced; thy garments cut to pieces [5] before thy face: and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit*.

[4] —*imperſeverant*—] Thus the former editions. Hanmer reads—*ill-perſeverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperſeverant may mean no more than *perſeverant*, like *im*boſom'd, *im*paſſion'd, *im*maſk'd. STEEVENS.

[5] —*before* thy *face*—] Poſthumus was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we ſhould read,—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's, done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteemed Poſthumus's garment above the perſon of Cloten. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
[6] Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Guid. I love thee; I have spoke it:
[7] How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why,
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

[6] *Stick to your* journal *course: the breach of custom*
Is breach of all.—] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. Johnson.

[7] *How much the quantity,*——] I read:
As much the quantity. Johnson.

Love's

Love's reaſon's without reaſon: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature! breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire baſe:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health.——So pleaſe you, ſir[8].

Imo. [*Aſide.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou diſprov'ſt report!
The imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill; heart-ſick:——Piſanio,
I'll now taſte of thy drug.

Guid. [9] I could not ſtir him:
He ſaid, he was [1] gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

[8] *—So pleaſe you, ſir.*] I cannot reliſh this *courtly phraſe* from the mouth of Arviragus. It ſhould rather, I think, begin Imogen's ſpeech. TYRWHITT.

[9] *I could not ſtir him:*] Not *move* him to tell his ſtory. JOHNSON.

[1] *—gentle, but unfortunate;*] *Gentle,* is *well born,* of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen.*

Bel. And shalt be ever.——
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!
He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
[2] Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the [3] stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. [4] It is great morning. Come; away.——
Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain

[2] *Mingle their* spurs *together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

[3] —*stinking elder*,—] Shakespeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read,—*untwine from the vine.* JOHNSON.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read *entwine*. He says, "Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief." STEEVENS.

[4] *It is great morning.*——] A Gallicism. *Grand jour.* STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius, and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee [5].

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

[5] *No, nor thy* taylor, *rascal,*
Who is thy grandfather, *he made those clothes,*
Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in a former scene:
"Whose *mother* was her *painting.*" STEEVENS.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name;
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
[6] Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter

[6] *Yield, rustic mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. scene iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, act III. scene i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; [7] the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. [9] Being scarce made up,
I mean,

quainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *the snatches in his voice,*
And burst of speaking, ———] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

[8] In the old editions:
Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause of fear,——] If I understand this passage, it it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, says Belarius, he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cause of fear.* I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. [9] I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd [1] take us in,
Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,

traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage:

——for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—— THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads, with equal justness of sentiment:

——for defect of judgment
Is oft the *cure* of fear.——

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakespeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus in *K. Henry* IV. part 2.

——all these bold *fears*,
Thou see'st with peril *I* have answered. TOLLET.

[9] *I am perfect, what:*——] I am *well informed*, what. So in this play:

I'm *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*take us in*,] To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to public justice. JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

——cut the Ionian seas,
And *take in* Toryne. STEEVENS.

And

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law[2]? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. [3] Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time

[2] For *we do fear the law?*——] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"See the simplicity of these base slaves!
"Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,
"Think me to be a senseless lump of clay."

So, in *Othello*:

"And *for* I know thou art full of love and honesty."

MALONE.

[3] ———*Though his* honour
Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies; and the meaning seems plainly this: "Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprise of this nature alone, and unseconded." THEOBALD.

———*Though his* honour
Was nothing but mutation;——] Mr. Theobald, as usual, not understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed: yet the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald.

WARBURTON.

May

May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
[4] Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck, [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, [5] revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

[4] *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *revenges,*
That possible strength might meet,———] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

Where

Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
* I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

* *I'd let a* parish *of such Clotens blood,*] This nonsense should be corrected thus:

I'd let a *marish* of such Clotens blood:

i. e. a marsh or lake. So Smith, in his account of Virginia, "Yea Venice, at this time the admiration of the earth, was at first but a *marish*, inhabited by poor fishermen." In the first book of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 24. the translators use the word in the same sense. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of nonsense very liberally through this play. Why this is nonsense, I cannot discover. I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. JOHNSON.

"His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

Re-enter

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent Cloten's clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſic.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? ſince death of my deareſt mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

Bel. [7] O, melancholy!

Who

[7] *O, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in?——] The folio reads:
——thy ſluggiſh *care:*

which

Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I[8],
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesces, and inserts it in the text. Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. vi. page 441, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

——— thy sluggish *crare*.

See *The Captain*, page 10:

"——let him venture
"In some decay'd *crare* of his own."

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book 39, stanza 28:

"A miracle it was to see them grown
"To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*,
"Each vessel having tackling of her own,
"With sails and oars to help at all essays."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"Behold a form to make your *craers* and barks."

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"After a long chase took this little *cray*,
"Which he suppos'd him safely should convey."

Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"———some shell, or little *crea*,
"Hard labouring for the land on the high-working sea."

Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*."

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. "*the owner of every ship, vessel, or* crayer." TYRWHITT.

[8] ——*but I*,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but* ah! The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I* know, *thou diedst*, &c. TYRWHITT.

Thus

Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he ſlept; and
put
My clouted brogues [9] from off my feet, whoſe rude-
neſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. Why, he but ſleeps [1]:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts [2], and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: Thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,

[9] —*clouted brogues*—] Are ſhoes ſtrengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In ſome parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts* are likewiſe fixed to the ſhoes of ploughmen and other ruſticks. STEEVENS.

[1] *Why, he but ſleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a paſſage ſomewhat like this, from Webſter's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its ſingular beauty.
" Oh, thou ſoft natural death! that art joint twin
" To ſweeteſt ſlumber! no rough-bearded comet
" Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
" Beats not againſt thy caſement: the hoarſe wolf
" Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corſe,
" While horror waits on princes!" STEEVENS.

[2] *With faireſt flowers*
Whilſt ſummer laſts, &c.] So in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*
" No, I will rob Tellus of her weede
" To ſtrewe thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,
" The purple violets and marygolds,
" Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*,
" *While ſummer dayes doth laſt.*" STEEVENS.

Out-

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: [2]the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

[2] —— *The ruddock would,*
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground *thy corse.*—] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss?* A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-*gown* thy corse:——

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakespeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

"The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl:*

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
"The little *redbreast* teacheth charitie." STEEVENS.

—*the* ruddock *would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading:

"The robin-red-breast, and the wren,
"With leaves and flowers do cover friendless bodies;
"The ant, the field mouse, and the mole
"Shall raise him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm, &c."

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakespeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play in 1631 (for it is wanting in my copy 1612) he thus speaks of Shakespeare: "And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, &c." STEEVENS.

To winter-ground thy corſe.
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to the ground,
As once our mother; uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.
Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
[2] He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet [3] reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

[2] *He was paid for that:*——] Hanmer reads:
He *has* paid for that:——
rather plauſibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *puniſhed.* So Jonſon:
"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
"For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you."
JOHNSON.

[3] ——*reverence,*
(That angel of the world)——] *Reverence*, or due regard to ſubordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

Ther-

Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll fay our fong the whilft.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we muft lay his head to the eaft;
My father hath a reafon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the fun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly tafk haft done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all muft,
As chimney-fweepers, come to duft.

Arv. [4] *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art paft the tyrant's ftroke;
Care no more to cloath, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
[5] *The fcepter, learning, phyfic, muft*
All follow this, and come to duft.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flafh,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ftone;*
Guid. [6] *Fear not flander, cenfure rafh;*
Arv. *Thou haft finifh'd joy and moan:*

[4] *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topic of confolation that nature dictates to all men on thefe occafions The fame farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον οὐκετι διψήσεις, οὐκετι πεινήσεις, &c. WARBURTON.

[5] *The fcepter, learning*, &c.] The poet's fentiment feems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally fubject to the ftroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the fcience of fcholars, nor the art of thofe whofe immediate ftudy is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final deftiny of man. JOHNSON.

[6] *Fear not flander*, &c.] Perhaps,
Fear not *flander's* cenfure rafh. JOHNSON.

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
[7] *Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation*[8] *have;*
And renowned be thy grave[9]*!*

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

[7] *Consign to* thee,——] Perhaps,
Consign to *this.*——
And in the former stanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow* thee. JOHNSON.

Consign to thee, is right. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*
——————*seal*
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
To consign to thee, is *to seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

[8] *Quiet* consummation *have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward* III. 1599:
"My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
"This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
"To darkness, *consummation*, dust and worms."
STEEVENS.

[9] —*thy grave.*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

The

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?——
I thank you.——By yon bush?——Pray, how far thither?
[1] 'Ods pittikins!——can it be six miles yet?——
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!——The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but [2] his Jovial face——
Mur-

[1] *'Ods pittikins!*——] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600: It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*his* Jovial *face*——] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
³ Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!——Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,——damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

"——Alcides here will stand,
"To plague you all with his high *jovial* hand."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Thou *jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter;

"——all that stand,
"Sink in the weight of his high *jovial* hand."

STEEVENS.

³ *Conspir'd with*, &c.] The old copy reads thus:

——thou,
Conspir'd with that *irregulous* divel, Cloten.

I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with *th' irreligious* devil, Cloten. JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* lust."

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. [4] Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision;
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

[4] *Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision:*] The *very gods* may, indeed, signify the gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

Last night, the *warey* gods——

Warey here signifying *animadverting*, *forewarning*, *ready to give notice*: not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious*, *reserved*.

WARBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I see any need of alteration. It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.——Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!——
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or [5] who was he,
That,

[5] ——————*who was he,*
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?———] The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils at this passage. He says, it is far from being *strictly grammatical*; and yet, what is strange, he subjoins a paraphrase of his own, which shews it to be *strictly grammatical.* "For, says he, the construction of these words is this: who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it?" I suppose then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical construction would not conform to the sense; for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally says one thing and means another. He subjoining, "Shakespeare designed to say (if the text be genuine) Who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it?" Here again he is mistaken; Shakespeare meant, like a plain man, just as he *spoke*; and as our editor first paraphrased him, Who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwise than nature *alter'd* it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: the speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation: Who hath *alter'd* this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature, which by yearly accession of growth *alters* it by making it taller? No occasion then for the editor to change *did* into *bid*, with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid.* WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is not much cleared by either critic. The question is asked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. [6] Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

ing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it "is not well *done*?" STEEVENS.

[6] *Richard du Champ.*——] Shakespeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *rearing of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.* ——Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiaraus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. STEEVENS.

No

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As [7] these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, [8] arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

[9] *Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever

[7] *——these poor pick-axes——*] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

[8] *——arm him.——*] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANMER.

[9] *Cymbeline's palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act. JOHNSON.

The

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—
Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
[1] And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but [2] our jealousy [*To Pis.*
Does yet depend.

The fact is, that sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of act IV. and that which in Johnson is the eighth scene of act IV. is in this the seventh scene. STEEVENS.

[1] *And* will,——] I think it should be read:
And *he'll*,—— STEEVENS.

[2] ——*our jealousy*
Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is *depending*. JOHNSON.

Lord.

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter [3].

Lord. Good my liege,
[4] Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. [5] I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even [6] to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

[3] *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by variety of business. STEEVENS.

[4] *Your preparation* &c.] Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

[5] *I heard no letter*——] I suppose we should read with Hanmer, *I've had* no letter.—— STEEVENS.

Perhaps, "I heard no *later*." MUSGRAVE.

[6] ——*to the note o' the king,*——] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to [7] a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, [8] whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold [9] their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

[7] ——— render
Where we have liv'd;——] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.
Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon*, act V.
"And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*whose answer*——] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*their* quarter'd *fires*,——] Their fires regularly disposed.
JOHNSON.

And

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:

If

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field, between the British and Roman camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a [1] *bloody handkerchief.*

Post. [2] Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd [3]
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves

[1] ——*bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send. JOHNSON.

[2] *Yea, bloody cloth,* &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next sooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*I wish'd*] The old copy reads—*I am wish'd.* STEEVENS.

For

For wrying but a little [4]?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd [5] to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, [6] each elder worse;
[7] And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

But

[4] *For wrying but a little?*——] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

"——the maysters *wrye* the vessels."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"——in her sinking down, she *wryes*
"The diadem.——" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*to put on*——] Is to *incite*, to *instigate*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*: "——the powers above,
"*Put on* their instruments."

[6] ——*each elder worse*;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

——each worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

——each *elder* worse;—

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

—*each elder worse*;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

[7] *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*] The divinity-schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more.——

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes;

And make them *dread it*, to the doers' thrift.

He

But Imogen is your own: ' Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpoſe: I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf

Here is a relative without an antecedent ſubſtantive; which is a breach of grammar. We muſt certainly read:

And make them *dreaded*, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, reſpect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. Theobald.

This emendation is followed by Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them *dread*, to the doers' thrift.

There ſeems to be no very ſatisfactory ſenſe yet offered. I read, but with heſitation,

And make them *deeded*, to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakeſpeare has, in another ſenſe, *undeeded* in *Macbeth*:

"———— my ſword
"I ſheath again *undeeded*."——

I will try again, and read thus:

——— others you permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each other worſe,
And make them *trade it*, to the doers' thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correſpond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it ſignifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Iſabella ſays:

"Thy ſin's, not accidental, but a *trade*." Johnson.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *perſevere in the commiſſion of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved on a paſſage in Hamlet, that Pope and Rowe have not refuſed this mode of ſpeaking:——"To *ſinner it* or *ſaint it*"——and "to *coy it*."

Steevens.

' ——*Do your* beſt *wills*,
And make me bleſt t' obey!——] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written,

——Do your *bleſt* wills,
And make me bleſt t' obey.—— Johnson.

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle [*],
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

* —— *this* carle,] *Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient *interlude* or *morality*, printed by Rastell, without title or date.

"A *carlys* sonne, brought up of nought."

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

"The gods take part against me; could this *boor*
"Have held me thus else?" STEEVENS.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britons. They reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britiſh Lord.

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, ſir; for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons ſeen, all flying
Through a ſtrait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtruck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf[3];
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
[4] The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those [5] for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made

[3] *Close by the battle,* &c.] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell, &c."

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs* &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

[4] *The country base,*—] i. e. A rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632.

"——I'll run a little course
"At *base* or barley-break——"

Again, in the *Antipodes*, 1638:

"——my men can run at *base*."

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

"So ran they all as they had been at *bace*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *for preservation cas'd, or* shame)] *Shame* for modesty. WARBURTON.

Sir

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
[6] A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
(Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need) having found the back-door open

Sir T. Hanmer reads the passage thus:
Than some for preservation cas'd.
For *shame*,
Make *good the passage*, cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, &c.
Theobald's reading is right. JOHNSON.

[6] *A rout, confusion thick:*——] This is read as if it was a *thick confusion*, and only another term for *rout:* whereas *confusion-thick* should be read thus, with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But Shakespeare's fine diction is not a little obscured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not see what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a story by repetition, as to enlarge the principal figure in a picture? JOHNSON.

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal [7] bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. [8] Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhime.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [*Exit.*

[7] —— *bugs* ——] Terrors. JOHNSON.
So in the *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
"Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell."
So in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:
"Is Amurath Bassa such a *bug*,
"That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?"
Again:
"And shall we be afraid of bassas, and of *bugs*?"
Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:
"He brings with him that great Egyptian *bug*,
"Strong Tonombey." STEEVENS.

[8] *Nay, do not wonder at it:* ——] Sure, this is mock reasoning with a vengeance. What! because he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, he is therefore forbid to wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually mistaken for one another in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

Post.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? [9] I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a [1] favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

[9] ———*I, in mine own woe, charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma:*

"North Britons hence have *second sight*;
"And *Germans free from gun-shot fight.*" WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, act V. sc. ult. So in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

Their seconds minister an oath
Which was indifferent to them both,
That, on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic *them supplied*;
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But come with simple open arms
To have their causes tried. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*favourer to the* Roman,] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still. JOHNSON.

Here made by the Roman; [2] great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit [3],
[4] That gave the affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

[2] ——*great the* answer *be*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a* silly *habit.*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*. So in *K. Lear:*
——twenty *silly* ducking observants—— STEEVENS.

[4] *That gave the* affront *with them.* That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.
So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist:*
" To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow
" *Give* lords *the affront.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* [5] You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: [6] to satisfy,
If

[5] *You shall not now be stolen,*——] This wit of the goaler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

[6] ————*to satisfy,*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*

No

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these [7] cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

No stricter render of me, than my all.] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have been this:

——————to satisfy,
I *d'off* my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No stricter render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, i. e. To give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended godheads, I voluntarily divest myself of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with;

——————take
No stricter render of me, than my all. WARBURTON.

Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. The Revisal is justly severe on the inconsistency of Dr. Warburton's correction. STEEVENS.

[7] —*cold bonds.*—] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches. JOHNSON.

Solemn

Solemn musick.[8] *Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

[8] *Solemn musick,* &c.] Here follow a *vision,* a *masque,* and a *prophesy,* which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare.
POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakespeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable.—"We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the red Herring,* 4to. 1599; where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts,* without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players." STEEVENS.

Whose

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
[9] That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

9 *That from me my Posthumus ript,*] The old copy reads:
That from me *was* Posthumus ript.
Perhaps we should read,
That from *my womb* Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607. The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:
"What would'st thou run again into my womb?
"If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,
"And ript out of my sides, &c." STEEVENS.

2 *Bro.*

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sic. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sic. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2 *Broth.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends[1] *in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

[1] *Jupiter descends*——] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1529, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which semed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds, in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used now at our dayes in stage playes." STEEVENS.

Ju-

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount eagle, to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing [2], and [3] cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

[2] Prunes *the immortal wing*,——] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.
"Some, sitting on the beach to *prune* their painted breasts."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——cloys *his beak*,] Perhaps we should read,
————*claws* his beak. TYRWHITT.
A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.
So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69:
"And as a catte wold ete fishes
"Without wetynge of his *clees*."

Again,

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.——Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods:*
"————from the seize
"Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys.*"
Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks "of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete." And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, "The *cleis* within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces." To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.
STEEVENS.

'Tis

[4] 'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for ſympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Poſt. So, if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, ſir: But the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, [5] and ſorry that

[4] *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not—do *either both, or nothing*——
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie.——] The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from part of it being ſpoke *of* the prophecy, and part *to* it. This writing on the tablet (ſays he) is ſtill a dream, or elſe the raving of madneſs. *Do* thou, O tablet, *either both or nothing*; either let thy words and ſenſe go together, or be thy bosom a *raſa tabula*. As the words now ſtand they are nonſenſe, or at leaſt involve in them a ſenſe which I cannot develope. WARBURTON.

The meaning, which is too thin to be eaſily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madneſs, or both—or nothing—but whether it be a ſpeech without conſciouſneſs*, as in a dream, *or a ſpeech unintelligible*, as in madneſs, be it as it is, *it is like my courſe of life*. We might perhaps read,

Whether *both, or nothing*——— JOHNSON.

The word—*do* is inſerted unneceſſarily by Dr. Warburton, both in his text and his note. It is not in the old copy. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and ſorry that you are* paid *too much*;——] *Tavern bills*, ſays the goaler, *are the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth—you depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and*—what? *ſorry that you are paid too much.*

Where

that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn [1] of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true [2] debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know;

Where is the opposition? I d, *And* merry *that you are paid* so *much*. I take the second p to be *'paid*, for *appaid*, *filled*, *satiated*. JOHNSON.

——*sorry that you* have paid *too much*, *and sorry that you* are paid *too much*;——] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff:

"——seven of the eleven I *pay'd*."

The same conceit is in the 2nd part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630:

"You are *paid*?
"Yes, sir,
"So shall some of us be anon, I fear."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 73d Epigram.

"For which or *pay* me quickly, or I'll *pay* you."

Again in the fifth scene of the fourth act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*being* drawn *of heaviness*:] Drawn is *embowell'd*, *exenterated*.—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn* when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*debitor and creditor*——] For an *accounting book*. JOHNSON.

or [3] jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles; bring your priſoner to the king.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Poſthumus, and Meſſenger.*

Gaol. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, [4] I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of gaolers, and gallowſes! I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit; but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

[3] *—jump the after-enquiry—*] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:
"We'd *jump* the life to come." JOHNSON.

[4] *—I never ſaw one ſo prone.—*] i. e. forward. In this ſenſe the word is uſed in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Succeſs of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:
"Thus lay they in Doncaſter, with curtal and ſerpentine,
"With bombard and baſiliſk, with men *prone* and vigorous."
Again in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſixth book of Lucan:
"——Theſſalian fierie ſteeds
"For uſe of war ſo *prone* and fit." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.[5]

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you, whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in [6] one that promis'd nought
But

[5] *Scene* V.] Let thoſe who talk ſo confidently about the ſkill of Shakeſpeare's contemporary, Jonſon, point out the concluſion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a leſs degree of dramatic violence than this. In the ſcene before us, all the ſurviving characters are aſſembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be diſcovered on this occaſion to offend the moſt ſcrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to ſatisfy the ſpectator by a cataſtrophe which is intricate without confuſion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *one that promis'd nought*
But beggary and poor looks. But how can it be ſaid, that one, whoſe *poor looks* promiſe *beggary*, promiſed *poor looks* too? It was not the poor look which was promiſed; that was viſible. We muſt read:

But beggary and poor *luck.*

This ſets the matter right, and makes Belarius ſpeak ſenſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promiſed nothing but *poor luck*, and yet performed all theſe wonders. WARBURTON.

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives: 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my knights o' the battle [7]; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces:—Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too.—How ended ſhe?

To promiſe *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promiſe of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So in *K. Rich.* II.

"To *look* ſo *poorly* and to ſpeak ſo fair." STEEVENS.

[7] —*knights o' the battle*;—] Thus in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the fielde*." STEEVENS.

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you; only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her ſon into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
[8] So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,

[8] *So feat,*——] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.

Though

Though he have ſerv'd a Roman: ſave him, ſir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him;
His [9] favour is familiar to me:—Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I ſay,
Live, boy: ne'er thank thy maſter; live:
And aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why ſtands he ſo perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highneſs; who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

[9] —*favour is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. [1] One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?
Guid. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Guid. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[*To Iachimo.*
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood.——On; speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

[1] *One sand another*
Not more resembles that *sweet rosy lad,*] A slight corruption has made nonsense of this passage. One grain might resemble another, but none a human form. We should read:
Not more resembles, *than he th'* sweet rosy lad.
WARBURTON.
There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly pointed, needs no alteration. JOHNSON.

Cym.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,——
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
[2] Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would

[2] Quail *to remember*,——] To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors; among the rest, to Stanyhurst, in his translation of the second book of the *Æneid:*
"With nightly silence was I *quail'd*, and greatly with horror."
Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:
"Can make us yield, or *quail* our courages."
Again, in *Mucedorus:*
"That so dost *quail* a woman's mind."
Again, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:
"One day there will come a day
"Which shall *quail* thy fortune's flowr."
Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:
"She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the great Devil."
STEEVENS.

Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head!) the good Poſthumus,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak: [3] for feature, laming
The

[3] ——*for* feature, *laming*] *Feature* for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*.

——— for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond *brief* nature;———

i. e. The ancient ſtatues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"O'er picturing *that* Venus where we ſee
"*The fancy out-work nature.*"

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A paſſage in De Piles' *Cours de Peinture par Principes* will give great light to the beauty of the text.——"*Peu de ſentimens ont été partagez ſur la beauté de l'antique.* Les gens d'eſprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont eſtimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens auteurs quantité de paſſages ou* pour loüer les beauter vivantes on les comparoit aux ſtatuës."——*Ne vous imaginez* (dit Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le diſpute aux ſtatuës. Ovid, où il fait la deſcription de Cyllare, le plus beau de Centaures,* dit, Qu'il avoit une ſi grande vivacité dans le viſage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'eſtomac en etoient ſi beaux qu'on pouvoit aſſurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit de l'homme c'etoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dansl es ſtatuës les plus parfaites."——Et Philoſtrate, parlant de la beauté de Neoptoleme, & de la reſemblance qu'il avoit avec ſon pere Achille, dit: "Qu'en beauté ſon pere avoit autant d'avantage ſur lui que les ſtatuës en ont ſur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont ſuivi ces mêmes ſentimens ſur la *beauté de l'Antique.*"——Je reporterai ſeulment celui de Scaliger. "Le moyen (dit.il) que nous puiſſions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles ſtatuës, puiſquil eſt permis à l'art de choiſir, de re-

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:——

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

retrancher, d'ajoûter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'est toujours alterée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence." This last quotation from Scaliger well explains what Shakespeare meant by—*brief nature*;—i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakespeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

Iach.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle [4]
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; [5] averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,——
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,

4 —*a carbuncle, &c.*] So in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"He has deserv'd it, were it *carbuncled*
"Like *Phœbus* car."——— STEEVENS.

5 ———*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

Egre-

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer[6]! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, [7] and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come [8] these staggers on me?

[6] *Some upright* justicer!] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"——this day,
"Th' eternal *justicer* sees through the stars."

Again in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"No: we must have an upright *justicer*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book x. chap. 54.

"Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and she herself.*] That is, She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*these staggers*——] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Pis.

Pis. Wake, my miftrefs!

Cym. If this be fo, the gods do mean to ftrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my miftrefs?

Imo. O, get thee from my fight;
Thou gav'ft me poifon: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw ftones of fulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter ftill?

Imo. It poifon'd me.

Cor. O gods!——
I left out one thing which the queen confefs'd,
Which muft approve thee honeft: If Pifanio
Have, faid fhe, given his miftrefs that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, fhe is ferv'd
As I would ferve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, fir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poifons for her; ftill pretending
The fatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no efteem: I, dreading that her purpofe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ftuff, which, being ta'en, would ceafe
The prefent power of life; but, in fhort time,
All offices of nature fhould again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moft like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——

Guid. This is fure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think,

[9] Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard [1] in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me

[9] *Think, that you are upon a rock;*——] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

[1] —*a* dullard——] In this place means a person stupidly unconcern'd. So in *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"What *dullard!* would'st thou doat in rusty art?"

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

"We Moores, lyke *dullards*, are not so wytles abyding."

STEEVENS.

With

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had

Had ever fcar for.——Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
[3] By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
[4] Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know

[3] *By* tasting *of our wrath?*——] But how did Belarius *undo* or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the king's wrath? We should read:

By *basting* of our wrath?——

i. e. by hastening, provoking; and as such a provocation is undutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretensions to reward. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; the consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste.* JOHNSON.

[4] Assum'd *this age:*——] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd this age.* STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we ought to read *gage*; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
[5] Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

"——We will die all three;
"But I will prove that two of us are as good
"As I have given out him." TYRWHITT.

[5] *Your pleasure was my* near *offence,*——] I think this passage may better be read thus:

Your pleasure was my *dear* offence, my punishment
Itself *was* all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which cost me so *dear* was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages. An instance occurs in the play of *Cymbeline*, in the last scene. Belarius says to the king:

Your pleasure was my *near* offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason.——

Dr. Johnson would read *dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading, *neere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

For

(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up: thoſe arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, ſir, as
Your highneſs knows. Their nurſe, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon: Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, gracious ſir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world:——
The benediction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ſtars.

Cym. [6] Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt: I loſt my children;
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lap'd
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

[6] *Thou weep'ſt and ſpeak'ſt.*] "Thy tears give teſtimony to the ſincerity of thy relation, and I have the leſs reaſon to be incredulous, becauſe the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the ſtory which you relate." The king reaſons very juſtly. JOHNSON.

Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bleſt may you be [7],
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou haſt loſt by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I you brothers,
[8] When you were ſo indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.

Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? This [9] fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?

[7] —*may you be.*] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. STEEVENS.

[8] *When you were ſo, indeed.*] The folio gives:
When *we* were ſo, indeed.
If this be right, we muſt read:
Imo. I, you brothers.
Arv. When we were ſo, indeed. JOHNSON.

[9] —fierce *abridgment*] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Timon of Athens*:
Oh, the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings! STEEVENS.

Why

¹ Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long ² interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.——
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for

¹ *Why fled you from the court, and whether these?*] It must be rectified thus:

Why fled you from the court? and *whither?* These, &c.

The king is asking his daughter, how she has lived; why she fled from the court, and to what place: and having enumerated so many particulars, he stops short. THEOBALD.

² *Will serve our long*—] So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakespeare as a *quadrisyllable*. See the *Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*. TYRWHITT.

The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cymb. Nobly doom'd :
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews [9]
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it [1] : let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

[9] —sprightly *shews*—] Are ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

[1] *Make no* collection *of it.*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul:*

"When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;
"Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war;
"From many cases like, one rule of law:
"These her *collections*, not the senses are." STEEVENS.

Sooth.

Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To Cymbeline.*
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; [*To Post.*] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well,
[2] My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising

[2] My *peace we will begin:*——] I think it better to read: *By* peace we will begin.—— JOHNSON.

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
On whom heaven's justice, (both on her, and hers)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A SONG

A SONG, *ſung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.*

By Mr. William Collins.

1.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

2.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove:
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or midſt the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each

6.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be duly ſhed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till pity's ſelf be dead.

KING

KING LEAR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Lear, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glofter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to Glofter.*
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to Gloſter.*
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Phyſician.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to Goneril.*
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloſter.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, } *Daughters to Lear.*

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

[a] KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Glofter, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

[a] The ftory of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakefpeare feems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle Hiftory of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already publifhed at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that fome play on this fubject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the fame title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from thefe Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From the *Mirror of Magiftrates*, 1586, Shakefpeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The epifode of Glofter and his fons muft have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the leaft trace of it in any other work. I have referred to thefe pieces, whenever our author feems more immediately to have followed them, in the courfe of my notes on the play. For the firft *King Lear*, fee likewife *Six old Plays on which Shakefpeare founded*, &c. publifhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Crofs.

The reader will alfo find the ftory of *K. Lear*, in the fecond book and 10th canto of Spenfer's *Fairy Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harfnet's pamphlet to which it contains fo many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not publifhed till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674.) tells a fimilar ftory to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the Weft Saxons; which,

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, [2] in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for [3] equalities are so weigh'd, [4] that curiosity in neither can [5] make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: where-

which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

[2] ——*in the division of the kingdom*,——] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*equalities*,——] So, the first quartos; the folio reads—*Qualities*. JOHNSON.

Either may serve; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568: "After this match made, and *equalities* considered, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] —*that* curiosity *in neither*—] *Curiosity*, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other. WARBURTON.

Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. iv.

"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*make choice of either's* moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, *one of two equal parts*; but Shakespeare commonly uses it for *any part* or *division*.

Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

and here the *division* was into *three* parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part* or *portion*. "I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *Hist. of Women*, 1624. MALONE.

upon

upon ſhe grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, ſir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have, ſir, a ſon by order of law, [6] ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets ſound within.*

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glo. I ſhall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloſter, and Edmund.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall [7] expreſs our darker purpoſe.

The

[6] —*ſome year elder than this,*—] The Oxford editor, not underſtanding the common phraſe, alters year to *years.* He did not conſider, the Baſtard ſays:

> For that I am *ſome* twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
> Lag of a brother.—— WARBURTON.

Some year, is an expreſſion uſed when we ſpeak *indefinitely.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*expreſs our* darker *purpoſe.*] *Darker,* for more ſecret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This

The map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: [8] and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age [9];
Conferring them on younger strengths [1], while we [2]
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a [3] constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

8 —— *and 'tis our* fast *intent.*] This is an interpolation of Mr. Lewis Theobald, for want of knowing the meaning of the old reading in the quarto of 1608, and first folio of 1623; where we find it,

——and 'tis our *first* intent;

which is as Shakespeare wrote it; who makes Lear declare his purpose with a dignity becoming his character: that the *first* reason of his abdication was the love of his people, that they might be protected by such as were better able to discharge the trust; and his natural affection for his daughters, only the *second*. WARBURTON.

Fast is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

9 —— *from our age*;] The quartos read—*off our state*. STEEVENS.

1 Conferring *them on younger* strengths,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming* them on younger *years*. STEEVENS.

2 —*while we*, &c.] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

3 —*constant will* seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNS.

Constant is *firm*, *determined*. *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Merchant of Venice*:

——else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any *constant* man. STEEVENS.

Great

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now [4] we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
[5] Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Gonerill,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found,
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
[6] Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia [7] do? Love, and be silent.
[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with [8] champains rich'd,

[4] *Since now* &c.] These two lines are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[5] *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*———] Where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*; or where a superiour degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Beyond all manner of so much*——] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more. JOHNSON.

[7] —*do?*——] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*and with champains* rich'd,
With plenteous rivers———
These words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:
"To ritch his country let his words lyke flowing water fall." STEEVENS.

With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter[9],
And prize me[1] at her worth. In my true heart
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: [2] that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
[3] Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo; ſince, I am ſure, my love's
[4] More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear.

[9] *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir*, I am made of *the ſelf-ſame* metal *that my ſiſter is.* STEEVENS.

[1] *And prize me*] I believe this paſſage ſhould rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, ſhe names, &c.

That is, *And* ſo may you *prize me at her worth*, as *in my true heart I find*, that *ſhe names*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*that I profeſs*] *That* ſeems to ſtand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the firſt conjunction being inaccurately ſuppreſſed. I find *that* ſhe names my deed, I find that I profeſs, &c. JOHNSON.

[3] *Which the moſt precious* ſquare *of ſenſe poſſeſſes*;] By the ſquare of ſenſe, we are, here, to underſtand the four nobler ſenſes, viz. the *ſight*, *hearing*, *taſte*, and *ſmell*. For a young lady could not, with decency, inſinuate that ſhe knew of any pleaſures which the *fifth* afforded. This is imagined and expreſſed with great propriety and delicacy. But the Oxford editor, for *ſquare*, reads *ſpirit*. WARBURTON.

This is acute; but perhaps *ſquare* means only *compaſs*, *comprehenſion*. JOHNSON.

So, in a *Paræneſis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604:
"The *ſquare* of reaſon, and the mind's clear eye."
STEEVENS.

[4] *More pond'rous than my tongue.*] We ſhould read, *their tongue*, meaning her ſiſters. WARBURTON.

I think

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
[5] No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd [6] on Goneril.— [7] Now, our joy,
[8] Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd [9]; what can you say, [1] to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

I think the present reading right. JOHNSON.

More pond'rous than my tongue.] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, *more richer.* STEEVENS.

[5] *No less in space, validity,*—] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"The countenance of your friend is of less value than his council, yet both of very small *validity*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*confirm'd*——] The folio reads, *conferr'd.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Now our joy,*] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

——*But* now our joy,
Although the last, not least in our dear love,
What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio:

——Now our joy,
Although our last, *and* least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be inter'ess'd. *What can you say* &c. JOHNSON.

[8] *Although our last, not least,* &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir speaking to Mumford:

"——to thee last of all;
"Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small.
STEEVENS.

[9] *Strive to be* interess'd;] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Poly-olbion*: "—there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by his blood *interessed* therein."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"Our sacred laws and just authority
"Are *interessed* therein."

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*to draw*] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win.* STEEVENS.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. [2] Nothing?

Cor. [2] Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? [3] mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? [4] Haply, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
[5] To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;

[2] Theſe two ſpeeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *How, how,* Cordelia?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads —*Go to, go to.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Haply, when I ſhall wed,* &c.] So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, 1586, Cordila ſays:

" To love you as I ought, my father, well;
" Yet ſhortly I may chance, if fortune will,
" To find in heart to beare another more good will:
" Thus much I ſaid of nuptial loves that meant."

STEEVENS.

[5] *To love my father all.*—] Theſe words are reſtored from the firſt edition, without which the ſenſe was not complete. POPE.

The

The myſteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
[6] Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!— [*To Cordelia* [7].
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.——Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. [8] Only we ſhall retain
The

[6] *Hold thee, from this,*——] i. e. from this time. STEEVENS.

[7] [*To Cordelia.*] Rather, as the author of the *Reviſal* obſerves, *to Kent*. For in the next words Lear ſends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEEVENS.

[8] -*Only retain*
The name, and all the additions to a king
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours;——]

The name, and all the addition to a king;
The ſway, revenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
9 Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When

The old books read the lines thus;

> The ſway, revenue, execution *of the reſt*,
> Beloved ſons, be yours. ——

This is evidently corrupt; and the editors not knowing what to make of—*of the reſt*—, left it out. The true reading, without doubt, was:

> The ſway, revenue, execution *of th' beſt*,
> Beloved ſons, be yours.——

Heſt is an old word for regal command: ſo that the ſenſe of the whole is,—I will only retain the *name* and all the ceremonious obſervances that belong to a king; the *eſſentials*, as ſway, revenue, adminiſtration of the laws, be yours. WARBURTON.

——*execution of the reſt,*] I do not ſee any great difficulty in the words, *execution of the reſt*, which are in both the old copies. The *execution of the reſt* is, I ſuppoſe, *all the other buſineſs*. Dr. Warburton's own explanation of his amendment confutes it; if *heſt* be a *regal command*, they were, by the grant of Lear, to have rather the *beſt* than the execution. JOHNSON.

9 *Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,*] I have given this paſſage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have ſilently departed, for the ſake of better numbers, with a degree of inſincerity, which, if not ſometimes detected and cenſured, muſt impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much miſchief may be done by ſuch clandeſtine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reſerve thy ſtate*, it gives, *reverſe thy doom*, and has *ſtoops*, inſtead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *anſwer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be anſwerable for my judgment*, or, *I will ſtake my life on my opinion*.—The read-

When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's
bound,
When majeſty ſtoops to folly. Reverſe thy doom;
And, in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs: anſwer my life my judgment,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
[1] Reverbs no hollowneſs.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as [2] a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies: nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me ſtill remain
[3] The true blank of thine eye.

Lear.

reading which, without any right, has poſſeſſed all the modern copies is this:

——to plainneſs honour
Is bound, when majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverſe thy doom* was Shakeſpeare's firſt reading, as more appoſite to the preſent occaſion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reſerve thy ſtate*, which conduces more to the progreſs of the action. JOHNSON.

[1] *Reverbs*——] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the ſame as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a pawn*
To wage againſt *thine enemies*;——]
i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the poſſeſſion not the property; and which was entruſted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war againſt your enemies.

To *wage againſt* is an expreſſion uſed in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Rob^t. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guiſmund*, 1592: "——you ſhall not be able to *wage againſt* me in the charges growing upon this action." STEEVENS.

[3] *The true* blank *of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is ſhot. *See better*, ſays Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* JOHNSON.

 So,

Lear. Now, by Apollo,——
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear [4].
Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift [5];
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with [6] strain'd pride,
[7] To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
([8] Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our

So, in the tragedy of *C. T. Nero*, 1607:
"He will climb, and aim at honour's *white*."
Again, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633:
"It cannot but cleave the very *white* of our hopes."
STEEVENS.

4 *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 ——*thy gift.*] The quartos read—*thy doom.* STEEVENS.

6 ——*strain'd pride*] The oldest copy reads *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

7 *To come betwixt our sentence and our power*;] *Power*, for execution of the sentence. WARBURTON.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence.* STEEVENS.

8 *Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,*
Our potency make good;—] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering *make* to *made* in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole; which, as it stood before he corrupted the words, was this: "You have endeavoured, says Lear, to make me break my oath; you have presumed to stop the execution of my sentence: the latter of these attempts neither my temper nor high station will suffer me to bear; and the other, had I yielded to it, my power could not make good, or excuse."——*Which*, in the first line, referring to both attempts: but the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occasioned all the obscurity of the passage. WARBURTON.

Theo-

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters [9] of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! [1] By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
[2] Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter [3] take thee, maid, [*To Cordelia.*
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

Theobald only inserted the parenthesis; he found *made good* in the best copy of 1623. Dr. Warburton has very acutely explained and defended the reading that he has chosen, but I am not certain that he has chosen right. If we take the reading of the folio, *our potency* made *good*, the sense will be less profound indeed, but less intricate, and equally commodious. *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the* sentence *which I had passed, and the* power *by which I shall execute it*, take thy reward *in another sentence which shall* make good, *shall establish, shall maintain*, that power. If Dr. Warburton's explanation be chosen, and every reader will wish to choose it, we may better read:

Which nor our nature, nor our state can bear,
Or potency make good.———

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place.*—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear. —Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability.

JOHNSON.

[9] —— *disasters.*] The quartos read *diseases.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*By Jupiter,*] Shakespeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

[2] Freedom *lives hence,*——] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

[3] —*dear shelter*—] The quartos read—*protection.* STEEVENS.

And

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Regan and Goneril.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
[4] He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Have rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love [5]?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, [6] seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.

[4] *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

[5] —*quest of love.*] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Faëry Queen.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Seeming*] is *beautiful.* JOHNSON.

Seeming rather means *specious.* So, in the *Merry Wives,* &c.
"—pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page."
Again, in *Measure for Measure:*
"—hence shall we see,
"If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be."
STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. Sir, will you, with thoſe infirmities ſhe
[7] owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal ſir;
[8] Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, ſir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To France.*
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who even but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
[9] The beſt, the deareſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it [1], [2] or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall

[7] ——*owes,*] i. e. Is poſſeſſed of. STEEVENS.

[8] *Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.*] To *make up* ſignifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this ſenſe it has, I think, always the ſubject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

[9] *The* beſt, *the deareſt;*——] *Beſt* is added from the firſt copy. JOHNSON.

There is no copy in which *beſt* is omitted. The quartos read—*Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt.* STEEVENS.

[1] *That* monſters *it.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, act II. ſc. ii:

"To hear my nothings *monſter'd.*" STEEVENS.

[2] The common books read:
-or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint;——

This

Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,

This line has no clear or ſtrong ſenſe, nor is this reading authorized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads:

——or you for vouch'd affections
Fall'n into taint.——

The folio:

——or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint ——

Taint is uſed for *corruption* and for *diſgrace*. If therefore we take the oldeſt reading it may be reformed thus:

——ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or you for vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Her offence muſt be prodigious, or *you* muſt *fall into reproach* for having *vouched affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may with a very ſlight change produce the ſame ſenſe:

——ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint.——

That is, *falls into reproach* or *cenſure*. But there is another poſſible ſenſe. *Or* ſignifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime muſt be monſtrous* before *your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the reader determine.——As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I ſhould prefer the latter ſenſe, which requires no change of reading. JOHNSON.

Or, without the adjunct *ever*, ſignifies *before*. So, in *Maplet's Nat. Hiſt.* 1567: "The pyrites alſo ſparkleth; and being hardly holden and preſſed in any man's hand, burneth him ſore *or* he perceiveth it. Again, *Ibid:* "—perceiving I ſhould be wet *or* I got home." COLLINS.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes."

STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand [3]
Aloof [4] from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry [5].

Bur. [6] Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

[3] ——*with* regards *that stand.*] The quarto reads:
-with *respects* that stand*s*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*from the entire point.*——] *Entire*, for right, true.
WARBURTON.

Rather, single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity;
"Who seeks for aught in love but love alone."
STEEVENS.

[5] *She is herself* a dowry.] The quartos read:
She is herself *and dower*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king.*
STEEVENS.

Cor.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.——
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.——
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, though unkind:
[7] Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.——
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, &c.*

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms [8] I commit him:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,

[7] *Thou loſeſt here,*——] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence in another place. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*profeſſing* boſoms.] All the ancient editions read—*profeſſed.* The alteration is Mr. Pope's, but, perhaps, is unneceſſary, as Shakeſpeare often uſes one participle for the other; —*longing* for *longed* in the *Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra.* STEEVENS.

I would

I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
[9] And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what [1] plaited cunning hides,
[2] Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France, and Cordelia.*

[9] *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] This is a very obscure expression, and must be pieced out with an implied sense to be understood. This I take to be the poet's meaning, stript of the jingle which makes it dark: "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to *want* for our father." THEOBALD.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.] This nonsense must be corrected thus:

And well are worth the want that you have *vaunted.*

i. e. that disherison, which you so much glory in, you deserve. WARBURTON.

I think the common reading very suitable to the manner of our author, and well enough explained by Theobald. JOHNSON.

I explain the passage thus:——You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *K. Henry* VI. act IV. sc. i: "Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137: "Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

[1] *—plaited cunning—*] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. JOHNSON.

The word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, shew that *plaited*, or (as the quarto has it) *pleated*, is the true reading:

"For that he colour'd with his high estate,
"Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty." MALONE.

[2] *Who cover faults*, &c.] The quartos read,

Who *covers* faults, at last *shame them* derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio:

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides. STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, [3] let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and [4] i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

3 ——*let us* hit——] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us* sit. JOHNSON.

——*let us* hit——] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

4 —— *i' the heat*] i. e. We must *strike while the iron's hot.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A castle belonging to the earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. [5] Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
[6] Stand in the plague of custom; and permit

[5] *Thou, nature, art my goddess;*——] He makes his bastard an atheist. Italian atheism had much infected the English court, as we learn from the best writers of that time. But this was the general title those atheists in their works gave to nature: thus Vanini calls one of his books, *De admirandis* Naturæ *Reginæ* deæque mortalium *Arcanis.* So that the title here is emphatical. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton says that Shakespeare has made his *bastard* an *atheist*; when it is very plain that Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as he supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest. To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

"Now *gods* stand up for bastards!" STEEVENS.

[6] *Stand in the plague of custom,*——] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to *plage*, the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakespeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place*, *the country*, *the boundary* of custom; a word to be found only in Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[7] The curiosity of nations [8] to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
[9] Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,

[7] *The* courtesy *of nations*——] Mr. Pope reads *nicety*. The copies give,—*the* curiosity *of nations*;—but our author's word was, *curtesy*. In our laws some lands are held by the *curtesy of England*. THEOBALD.

Curiosity, in the time of Shakespeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in Timon. "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *K. Lear*, Shakespeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better;" but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully suits the occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*to deprive me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before* deprived.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book III. ch. xvi.
"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."
Again, *Ibid:*
"The one restored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man.*
HANMER.

My

My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
[1] Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
[2] Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now,

[1] *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature,* &c.] These fine lines are an instance of our author's admirable art in giving proper sentiments to his characters. The *bastard's* is that of a confirmed atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology* was designed as one mark of such a character. For this impious juggle had a religious reverence paid to it at that time. And therefore the best characters in this play acknowledge the force of the stars' influence. But how much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616. the very year our poet died. "*O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluissent ardentiùs, *ac* cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, *à quibus ego formæ blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuissem. At quia* conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis." Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakespeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject.
WARBURTON.

[2] *Shall be the legitimate.*——] Here the Oxford editor would shew us that he is as good at coining phrases as his author, and so alters the text thus:

Shall *toe* th' legitimate.———

i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

[3] Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! [4] subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to [5] exhibition! [6] All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Hanmer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. Butter's quarto reads:

——Edmund the base
Shall *tooth'* legitimate.——

The folio, ——Edmund the base
Shall *to th'* legitimate.——

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick* him *out*, a phrase yet in vulgar use; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *supplant*. The word *be* has no authority. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read,—Shall *top* the legitimate.

I have received this emendation, because the succeeding expression, I *grow*, seems to favour it. STEEVENS.

[3] *Now, gods, stand up for bastards!*] For what reason? He does not tell us; but the poet alludes to the debaucheries of the Pagan gods, who made heroes of all their bastards. WARBURTON.

[4] ——subscrib'd *his power!*] *Subscrib'd*, for *transferred, alienated*. WARBURTON.

To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*exhibition!*—] Is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*All this done
Upon the gad!*——]

So the old copies: the later editions read:

——All *is gone*
Upon the gad!—

which, besides that it is unauthorized, is less proper. *To* do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly. JOHNSON.

Edm.

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or [7] taſte of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] [8] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an* [9] *idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; who ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is*

[7] ——taſte *of my virtue.*] Though *taſte* may ſtand in this place, yet I believe we ſhould read, *aſſay* or *teſt* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Bring me to the *teſt.*" JOHNSON.

[8] *This policy and reverence of ages*——] *Age* is the reading of both the copies of authority. Butter's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age.* JOHNSON.

The two quartos publiſhed by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age*. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages.*

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*idle and fond*——] Weak and fooliſh. JOHNSON.

suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Hum—Conspiracy!— *Sleep, 'till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,*— —My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!——Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath

writ

writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other [1] pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. [2] Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; [3] wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: [4] I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm.

[1] ——*pretence*——] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play.

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

[2] *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*wind* me *into him*,——] I once thought it should be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do* me *this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "——challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him." Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *K. Henry* IV. Part I. and in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I would* unstate *myself to be in a due resolution.*] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. WARBURTON.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
"*Unstate* his happiness, and be stag'd to shew
"Against a sworder."——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; [5] convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though [6] the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. [7] * This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature;

he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *enstate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

——— his possessions
We do *enstate* and widow you withal. STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply, *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.) TYRWHITT.

5 ——— convey *the business*——] *Convey*, for introduce: but *convey* is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods, so as not to be found upon the felon. WARBURTON.

To *convey* is rather to *carry through* than to introduce; in this place it is to *manage artfully:* we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599: "Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

"——— thus I've *convey'd* it;——
"I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

"A circumstance or an indifferent thing
"Doth oft mar all, when not with care *convey'd*. MALONE.

6 ———*the wisdom of nature*——] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

7 *This villain*—] All from asterisk to asterisk is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

there's

there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! *——Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:——And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!——Strange! strange! [*Exit*.

Edm. * [8] This is the excellent foppery of the world! that,

[8] *This is the excellent foppery of the world*, &c.] In Shakespeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As You Like It*, the fantastic humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses*. However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule

that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, [9] and treachers, by spherical predominance;

ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologic atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hen, hen, disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain deviendra ainsi riche?"——*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*——But to return to Shakespeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he, with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be.

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

[9] —*and treachers,*—] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"How smooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Again,

minance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: [1] An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! [2] My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter Edgar.

and [3] pat [4] he comes, like the catastrophe of the old

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour:*
"————Oh, you *treachour!*"
Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:
"———— Hence, *trecher* as thou art!"
Again, in the *Bloody Banquet*, 1639:
"To poison the right use of service—a *trecher*."
Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions "the false *treacher*," and Spenser often uses the same word. STEEVENS.

[1] *An admirable evasion—to lay his—disposition on the* charge *of a star!————*] We should read, change *of a star!* which both the sense and grammar require. It was the opinion of astrologers (see what is said just above) that the momentary influence did all; and we do not say, Lay a thing *on the charge*, but *to the charge*. Besides, *change* answering to *evasion* just above, gives additional elegance to the expression. WARBURTON.

[2] —*of a star.*] Both the quartos read—*to* the charge *of stars*. STEEVENS.

[3] *pat he comes*——] The quartos read,
——and *out* he comes.————. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*——] This we are to understand, as a compliment intended by the author, on the natural winding up of the plot in the comedy of the ancients; which as it was owing to the artful and yet natural introduction of the persons of the drama into the scene, just in the nick of time, or *pat*, as our author says, makes the similitude very proper. This, without doubt, is the supreme beauty of comedy, considered as an *action*. And as it depends solely on a strict observance of the *unities*, it shews that these *unities* are in nature, and in the reason of things, and not in a mere

old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I

mere arbitrary invention of the Greeks, as some of our own country *critics*, of a low mechanic genius, have, by their works, persuaded our *wits* to believe. For common sense requiring that the subject of *one comedy* should be *one action*, and that that action should be contained nearly within the period of time which the representation of it takes up; hence we have the unities of *time* and *action*; and, from these, unavoidably arises the third, which is that of *place*. For when the whole of one *action* is included within a proportionable small space of *time*, there is no room to change the *scene*, but all must be done upon one *spot of ground*. Now from this last unity (the necessary issue of the two other, which derive immediately from nature) proceeds all that beauty of the *catastrophe*, or the winding up the plot in the ancient comedy. For all the persons of the drama being to appear and act on one limited spot, and being by their several interests to embarras, and at length to conduct the action to its destin'd period, there is need of consummate skill to *bring them on*, and *take them off*, *naturally* and *necessarily*; for the grace of action requires the one, and the perfection of it the other. Which conduct of the action must needs produce a beauty that will give a judicious mind the highest pleasure. On the other hand, when a comic writer has a whole country to range in, nothing is easier than to *find* the persons of the drama just *where* he would have them; and this requiring no art, the beauty we speak of is not to be found. Consequently a violation of the *unities* deprives the drama of one of its greatest beauties; which proves what I asserted, that the *three unities* are no arbitrary, mechanic invention, but founded in reason and the nature of things. *The Tempest* of Shakespeare sufficiently proves him to be well acquainted with these unities; and the passage in question shews him to have been struck with the beauty that results from them. WARBURTON.

This supposition will not at all suit with the character of Edmund, with the comic turn of his whole speech, nor with the general idea of Shakespeare's want of learning; so that I am more apt to think the passage *satire* than *panegyric*, and intended to ridicule the very aukward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

read

read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. [5] I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; [6]* as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts [7], nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. [8] How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in

[5] *I promise you,*——] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

[6] *—as of—*] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *—dissipation of* cohorts.—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads, of *courts*. STEEVENS.

[8] *How long have you*———] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

him,

him, ¹ that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. ² * I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—[*Exit Edgar.*
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.——
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

¹ ——*that with the mischief of your person*——] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that but with the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay. JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son. MALONE.

² *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:——
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
* Not to be over-rul'd. [3] Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
[4] Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With

[3] ——*Idle old man,*] The lines from one aſteriſk to the other, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The laſt verſe, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus:

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are ſeen abus'd.

THEOBALD.

[4] *Old* fools *are babes again; and muſt be us'd*
With checks like *flatt'ries when they are ſeen abus'd.*] Thus the old quarto reads theſe lines. It is plain they are corrupt. But they have been made worſe by a fruitleſs attempt to correct them. And firſt, for

Old *fools* are babes again;——

pro-

With checks, as flatteries when they are ſeen abus'd *.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew.

A proverbial expreſſion is here plainly alluded to; but it is a ſtrange proverb which only informs us that fools are innocents. We ſhould read,

Old *folks* are babes again;———

Thus ſpeaks the proverb, and with the uſual good ſenſe of one. The next line is jumbled out of all meaning:

With checks *like* flatt'ries when they're ſeen abus'd.

Mr. Theobald reſtores it thus,

With checks like flatt'*rers* when they're ſeen *to abuſe us*.

Let us conſider the ſenſe a little. *Old folks*, ſays the ſpeaker, *are babes again*; well, and what then? Why then they muſt be uſed *like flatterers*. But when Shakeſpeare quoted the proverb, we may be aſſured his purpoſe was to draw ſome inference from it, and not run rambling after a ſimilitude. And that inference was not difficult to find, had common ſenſe been attended to, which tells us Shakeſpeare muſt have wrote,

Old *folks* are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, *not flatt'ries* when they're ſeen abus'd.

i. e. Old folks being grown children again, they ſhould be uſed as we uſe children, with *checks*, when we find that the little *flatt'ries* we employed to quiet them are *abuſed*, by their becoming more peeviſh and perverſe by indulgence.

——— when they're ſeen abus'd.

i. e. When we find that thoſe flatt'ries are abus'd.

WARBURTON.

Theſe lines hardly deſerve a note, though Mr. Theobald thinks them *very fine*. Whether *fools* or *folks* ſhould be read is not worth enquiry. The controverted line is yet in the old quarto, not as the editors repreſent it, but thus:

With checks *as* flatteries when they are ſeen abus'd.

I am in doubt whether there is any error of tranſcription. The ſenſe ſeems to be this: *Old men muſt be treated with checks*, when as *they are ſeen to be deceived with flatteries*: or, *when they are weak enough to be* ſeen abuſed by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be *uſed with checks*. There is a play of the words *uſed* and *abuſed*. To *abuſe* is, in our author, very frequently the ſame as to *deceive*. This conſtruction is harſh and ungrammatical; Shakeſpeare perhaps thought it vicious, and choſe to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiouſneſs of his editors, who reſtore what they do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

The

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An open place before the palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. [5] If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of. TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with checks*, as well *as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are seen* to be *abused*. TYRWHITT.

[5] *If but as well I other accents borrow,*
And *can my speech* disuse.——]

Thus Rowe, Pope, and Johnson, in contradiction to all the ancient copies.

The first folio reads the whole passage as follows:
If but as *will* I other accents borrow,
That can my speech *defuse*, my good intent
May carry through, &c.

We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which, otherwise, would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it; as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act IV. sc. vii:
"——rush at once
"With some *diffused* song."——

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress: "——Go not so *diffusedly*." Again, in our author's *K. Henry V*: "——swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire."

 Again,

May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with [6] him that is wise,

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or A Natural History*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and *defusedly*."——To *diffuse speech* may, however, mean to *speak broad*, with a clownish accent. ——The two eldest quartos concur with the folio, except that they read *well* instead of *will*. STEEVENS.

Diffused certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his suits, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that hee seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." MALONE.

[6] ——*him that is wise*, and says *little*;——] Though saying little may be the character of wisdom, it was not a quality to chuse a companion by for his conversation. We should read,—to say *little*; which was prudent when he chose a wise companion to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I profess to talk little myself, that I may profit the more by the conversation of the wise. WARBURTON.

To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. The old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation* with her—meaning *commerce*. MALONE.

wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; [7] and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for sing-

[7] ——*and to eat no fish.*] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast.* To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traytor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he *called for fish.*" And Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a fryday.*" WARBURTON.

ing; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So pleaſe you,——— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?——I think the world's aſleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine own conception: I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence [8] and purpoſe of unkind-

[8] ——*a very* pretence.] *Pretence* in Shakeſpeare generally ſignifies *deſign.* So, in a foregoing ſcene in this play: "——to no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 648: "the *pretenſed* evill purpoſe of the queene." STEEVENS.

unkindneſs: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of theſe, my lord; I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks [9] with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you baſe foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom? ſo. [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice. [*Giving Kent money.*

[9] ——bandy *looks*——] A metaphor from *Tennis*:
"Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience."
Decker's Satiromaſtix.
Again: "——buckle with them hand to hand,
"And *bandy* blows as thick as hailſtones fall."
Wily Beguiled.
STEEVENS.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool [1]?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, [2] take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had [3] two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must

[1] *Why* fool?] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. Steevens.

[2] ——*take my coxcomb.*——] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. Warburton.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry* IV. with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627 says, "Natural ideots and fools, have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a necke and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon, &c." Steevens.

[3] ——*two coxcombs,*——] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. Johnson.

be

be whipp'd out, when the [4] lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:——

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
[5] Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
[6] Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool [7].

4 ——*lady brach*——] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur. Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*."

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

"I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

"—— Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: "——and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes." We might read—"when *lady* the *brach*, &c." STEEVENS.

5 *Lend less than thou owest,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast.* To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend *more* than thou owest. JOHNSON.

6 *Learn more than thou* trowest,] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable.

WARBURTON.

7 *This is nothing, fool.*] The quartos give this speech to *Lear*.

STEEVENS.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. [8] No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; [9] if I had a monopoly out, they would have part

[8] *No, lad*—] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to, *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure monopolies. JOHNSON.

[9] —*if I had a* monopoly *out, they would have a part on't:*—] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—
—a monopoly *on't*,—
Monopolies were in Shakespeare's time the common objects of satire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
" —Give

part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.——Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

[10] Fools ne'er had [1] less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

"—Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*." Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"A knight, and never heard of smock-fees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them."

Again, in the Birth of *Merlin*, 1662:

"——So foul a monster would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587. lycensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ympryntıng of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615. The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

[10] *Fools ne'er had less grace in a year*,] There never was a time when fools were less in favour, and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. The old edition has *wit* for *grace*. JOHNSON.

[1] *—less grace—*] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*less wit*. STEEVENS.

Then

Then they for sudden joy did weep [2], [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes [3] that frontlet on?
Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

[2] *Then they for sudden joy did weep,* &c.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:
"When Tarquin first in court began,
"And was approved king,
"So men *for sudden joy did weep,*
"*But I for sorrow sing.*"
I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression. STEEVENS.

[3] —*that frontlet*—] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in the play called the *Foure P's*, 1569:
"Forsooth women have many lets,
"And they be masked in many nets;
"As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets;
"And then their bonets and their poinets."
Again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592:
"—Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, &c."
STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Goneril*] ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—

[4] That's a ſheal'd peaſcod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, ſir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and [5] put it on
By your allowance; which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

[4] *That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.*] i. e. Now a mere huſk, which contains nothing. The outſide of a king remains, but all the intrinſic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. JOHNSON.

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.] The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Weſtminſter-abbey is wrought with *peaſcods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in alluſion to his being once in full poſſeſſion of ſovereignty, but ſoon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

[5] —*put it on*] i. e. promote, puſh it forward. So, in *Macbeth:*
"——the pow'rs
"*Put on* their inſtruments."—— STEEVENS.

So, out went the candle, and we [6] were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you [7]
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—[8] Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear [9]:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so [1].—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow [2]?

[6] ——*were left* darkling.] This word is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book i:

——as the wakeful bird
Sings *darkling*."—— STEEVENS.

[7] ——*transform* you.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*transport* you. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Whoop, Jug*, &c.] There are in the fool's speeches several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

——*Whoop, Jug, I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*this is not Lear*:] This passage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*:

"——this is not Marian!
"Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!
"Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:
"Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;
"Or I be I." STEEVENS.

[1] —*Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

——*sleeping* or waking; ha! *sure* 'tis not so. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Lear's shadow?*] The folio gives these words to the Fool. STEEVENS.

I would

I would learn that; [1] for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should

——*for by the marks*
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason]
His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read,

Of sovereignty of knowledge.——

i. e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet*,—*Sov'reignty of reason*. And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, act i. scene 7. of that play. WARBURTON.

The contested passage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, should be of any use to *persuade Lear that he had*, or had not, daughters. No logic, I apprehend, could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus:

——————for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded—I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether she is Goneril, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

——————Are you our daughter?

Upon her going on in the same style, he begins to question his own sanity of mind, and even his personal identity. He appeals to the by-standers,

Who is it that can tell me who I am?——

I should be glad to be told. *For* (if I was to judge myself) *by the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, which once distinguished Lear, (but which I have now lost) *I should be false* (against my own consciousness) *persuaded* (that I am not Lear). He then slides to the examination of another distinguishing mark of Lear:

——————I had daughters.

But not able, as it should seem, to dwell upon so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to his first doubt concerning Goneril,——

Your name, fair gentlewoman. TYRWHITT.

This

I should be false persuaded I had daughters [4].—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. Come, sir;
This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than [5] a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
[6] A little to disquantity your train;

And

This note is written with confidence disproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens arising from sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing else. But, says he, if I judge by these tokens, I find the persuasion false by which I long thought myself the father of daughters. JOHNSON.

[4] —*I had daughters.*—] Here the quarto interposes the following short and useless speech of the fool:
"Which they will make an obedient father."
Which, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*a grac'd palace.*—] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

[6] *A little to disquantity your train*;] *A little* is the reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril. POPE.

Of fifty to disquantity your train;] If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—
To have a thankless child.—Away, away.
and goes out while Albany and Goneril have a short conference

of

And the remainder, [7] that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!——
Saddle my horses; call my train together.——
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.— [*To Albany.*
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
[8] Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient [9].

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*

of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without.

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!

This renders all change needless; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Gonerill, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

7 ——— *that shall still depend,*] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

8 *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—"that he "killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

9 *Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech. STEEVENS.

My

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, [2] like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you [3].

Lear. It may be so, my lord.——
Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And [4] from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd [5] torment to her!

[2] —*like an* engine,—] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the *rack*; and in the following passage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture.

"From Spain they come with *engine* and intent
"To slay, subdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Their souls shot through with adders, torn on *engines*."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

[4] —*from her* derogate *body*——] *Derogate* for *unnatural*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *blasted*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*disnatur'd*] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not so *disnatured* a man." STEEVENS.

Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With [6] cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know the cauſe;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, ſir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*To Goneril.*
[7] That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
[8] The untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,

[6] —— *cadent tears*——] i. e. Falling tears. *Dr. Warburton* would read *candent.* STEEVENS.

[7] I will tranſcribe this paſſage from the firſt edition, that it may appear to thoſe who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of reviſion, and what indulgence is due to thoſe that endeavour to reſtore corrupted paſſages.——*That theſe hot tears, that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſe blaſts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curſe, peruſe every ſenſe about the old fond eyes, beweep this cauſe again,* &c.
JOHNSON.

[8] *The* untented *woundings*——] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worſt ſtate, not having a *tent* in them to digeſt them; and may poſſibly ſignify here ſuch as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpoſe. One of the quartos reads, *untender.* STEEVENS.

Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe [9],
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
[1] Let it be ſo:—Yet I have left a daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.
[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

*[2] *Gon.* This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and ſafe, to let him keep
[3] At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,

[9] ——*that you* loſe.] The quartos read—that you *make.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Let it be ſo,* &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the firſt, and part from the ſecond edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be ſo is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] *Gon.* All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and conſequently ready at appointment or command on the ſlighteſt notice. STEEVENS.

He

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness*,——How now, Oswald[4]?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may [5] compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. No, no, my lord, [*Exit Steward.*
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much [6] more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

4 —*How now, Oswald?*] The quartos read—*what Oswald, ho!*
Osw. *Here, Madam.*
Gon. *What have you writ this letter*, &c. STEEVENS.

5 ——*compact it more:*——] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

6 ——*more* at task——] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses. *I'll take you to task*, i.e. *I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task*, therefore, is to be liable to *reprehension and correction*. JOHNSON.

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads *attask'd*; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A court-yard before the duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Glofter with thefe letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not fpeedy, I fhall be [7] there before you.

Kent. I will not fleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit fhall not go flip-fhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt fee, thy other daughter will ufe thee kindly: for though fhe's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why what can'ft thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will tafte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou can'ft tell, why one's nofe ftands i' the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either fide one's nofe; that what a man cannot fmell out, he may fpy into.

Lear. [8] I did her wrong:—

[7] ———*there before you.*] He feems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the houfe of Glofter. JOHNSON.

[8] *I did her wrong*——] He is mufing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Fool.

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. [9] To take it again perforce!—Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, before thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *To take it again perforce!*——] He is meditating on the reſumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in ſo violent a manner deprived him of thoſe privileges which before ſhe had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A caſtle belonging to the earl of Gloſter.

Enter Edmund, and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutcheſs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but [1] ear-kiſſing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

[2] *Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a [3] queazy queſtion,
Which

[1] ——*ear-kiſſing arguments.*] Subjects of diſcourſe; topics. JOHNSON.

Ear-kiſſing arguments means that they are yet in reality only *whiſper'd ones.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Cur.* This and the following ſpeech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] ——queazy *queſtion,*] Something of a *ſuſpicious, queſtionable, and uncertain nature.* This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate,* what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonſon, in *Sejanus:*

"Thoſe times are ſomewhat *queaſy* to be touch'd.—
"Have you not ſeen or read part of his book?"

So,

Which I muſt act:—Briefneſs, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—deſcend:—Brother, I ſay;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O ſir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, [4] i' the haſte,
And Regan with him; [5] Have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourſelf: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewel.—
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport.—Father! father!
Stop, ſtop! No help?

So, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:
"Nothing of a *queaſy* and ſick ſtomach, labouring
"With want of a true injury."—
Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"Deſpight of his quick wit and *queazy* ſtomach."
STEEVENS.

4 —*i' the haſte,*] I ſhould ſuppoſe we ought to read only *in haſte*; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compoſitor.
STEEVENS.

5 ——*have you nothing ſaid*
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?]
The meaning is, *have you ſaid nothing upon the party formed by him againſt the duke of Albany?* HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:
Againſt his party, *for* the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

Enter Glofter, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here ftood he in the dark, his fharp fword out,
[6] Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To ftand his aufpicious miftrefs:—
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, fir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, fir. When by no means he could——
Glo. Purfue him, ho!—Go after.——By no means,—what?
Edm. Perfuade me to the murder of your lordfhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainft parricides did all [7] their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ftrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;——Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppofite I ftood
To his unnatural purpofe, in fell motion,
With his prepared fword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he faw my beft alarum'd fpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether [8] gafted by the noife I made,
Full fuddenly he fled.

[6] *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*] This was a proper circumftance to urge to Glofter; who appears, by what paffed between him and his baftard fon in a foregoing fcene, to be very fuperftitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* inftead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*their thunders*——] Firft quarto; the reft have it, *the thunder*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*gafted*——] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at feveral Weapons*:
"——either the fight of the lady has *gafted* him, or elfe he's drunk." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Let him fly far:
[1] Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy [2] arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the [3] murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I disswaded him from his intent,
[4] And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, [5] *would the reposal*
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,

[1] *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;*
And found dispatch—the noble duke, &c.]
This nonsense should be read and pointed thus:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd— WARBURTON.

I do not see how this change mends the sense: I think it may be better regulated as in the page above. The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished.* Dispatch. JOHNSON.

[2] —*arch*—] i. e. *Chief*; a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke.*

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:
"Poole, that *arch* for truth and honesty." STEEVENS.

[3] —*murtherous coward*—] The first edition reads, *caitiff.* JOHNSON.

[4] *And found him* pight *to do it, with curst speech*] *Pight* is *pitched*, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:
"Therefore my heart is surely *pyght*
"Of her alone to have a fight."

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
"——tents
"Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains."
STEEVENS.

[5] —*would the reposal*] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposure.* STEEVENS.

(As

(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O [6] strange, fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him.
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable [7].

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.——

6 *Strange and, &c.*] Strong *and fastened*. Quarto. JOHNSON.

7 *Capable of my land*——] i.e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.——
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. [8] He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

[8] *He did* bewray *his practice*;—] i. e. *Discover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Thy solitary passions should *bewray*
"Some discontent."——

Practice is always used by Shakespeare for *insidious mischief.* So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"Howe'er thou scap'st my *practices* with life."

The quartos read *betray*. STEEVENS.

Reg. Thus out of season; [9] threading dark-ey'd night.
[1] Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:——
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer [2] from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Kent and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good even [3] to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

[9] ——threading *dark-ey'd night.*] I have not ventur'd to displace this reading, though I have great suspicion that the poet wrote:

——*treading* dark-ey'd night,

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure and mean an allusion. It must either be borrow'd from the cant phrase of *threading of alleys*, i. e. going through bye passages to avoid the high streets; or to *threading* a *needle* in the dark. THEOBALD.

The quarto reads:

——*threat'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakespear uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus:* act III:

They would not *thread* the gates. STEEVENS.

[1] *Occasions, noble Gloster, of some* prize,] We should read, *poize*, i. e. weight. WARBURTON.

Prize, or *price*, for value. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*from our home:*——] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNSON.

[3] *Good even.*] Thus the quarto. The folio—Good *dawning.* STEEVENS.

Stew.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in [4] Lipſbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew.

[4] —*Lipſbury pinfold,*—] The alluſion which ſeems to be contained in this line I do not underſtand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which burſts from Kent in this dialogue, there are ſome epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-ſuited knave* I know not the meaning, unleſs it be that he has different dreſſes for different occupations. *Lilly-liver'd* is *cowardly*; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are ſtill in vulgar uſe. An *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave*, I take to be a wearer of old caſt-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipſbury*: it may be a cant phraſe, with ſome corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-ſuited* ſhould, I believe, be *third-ſuited*, wearing cloaths at the *third-hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three ſuits* only. FARMER.

Lipſbury pinfold may be a cant expreſſion importing the ſame as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Maſſinger's *Duke of Milan*:

"To marry her, and ſay he was the party
"Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholmew of Bathe*, 1587:

"In ſuch a *pin-folde* were his pleaſures pent."

Three ſuited knave might mean, in an age of oſtentatious finery like that of Shakeſpeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three ſuits* would furniſh him with; ſo, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: "—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadſt nothing but *three ſuits of* apparel:" or it may ſignify a fellow *thrice-ſued at law*, who has *three ſuits* for debt ſtanding out againſt him. A *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave* may be uſed to ſignify a fellow, the whole of whoſe poſſeſſions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *ſucceſſor in poverty*; *a poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. *A worſted-ſtocking knave* is another reproach of the ſame kind. The ſtockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expen-

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats; a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, [5] hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition [6].

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus

expenſive, and ſcarce any other kind than ſilk were worn, even (as this author ſays) by thoſe who had not above forty ſhillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1611, by R. Taylor:

"——good parts are no more ſet by in theſe times, than a good leg in a *woollen ſtocking*."

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green ſickneſſes and ſerving-men light on you,
"With greaſy breeches, and in *woollen ſtockings*."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: Two ſober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a ſpendthrift, and tell him: "Our birthright, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *ſilk-ſtockings* muſt be had, &c."

Silk ſtockings were not made in England till 1560, the ſecond year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th ſong of his *Polyolbion*:

"Which our plain fathers erſt would have accounted ſin
"Before the coſtly coach and *ſilken ſtock* came in."

STEEVENS.

5 ——*hundred-pound*,——] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach uſed in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

6 ——*addition*.] i. e. titles. The act 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs, a deſcription ſhould be *added* to the name of the defendant, expreſſive of his eſtate, myſtery, degree, &c. is called the ſtatute of *Additions*. MALONE.

to

to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; [7] I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, [8] draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take [9] vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

[7] ——*I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.*——] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one.* But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

"——the moonshine's *watry* beams."

And, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry* moon."

WARBURTON.

I'll make a sop o' the moonshine *of you.*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. In the *Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, "One is *egges* in *moneshine.*"

FARMER.

[8] ——*barber-monger,*——] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen:* a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

[9] ——*vanity the puppet's*——] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you [1] neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour.
You cowardly rascal, [2] nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,

[1] ——*neat slave,*——] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal,* you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty.* Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster:*

"By thy leave, my *neat* scoundrel." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*nature* disclaims *in thee;*] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

——nature disclaims *her share* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass,* 1633:

"——I will *disclaim* in your favour hereafter."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd,* by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"Thus to *disclaim in* all th' effects of pleasure."

Again:

"No, I *disclaim in* her, I spit at her."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

"Not these, my lords, make me *disclaim in* it which all pursue." STEEVENS.

could

could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,——

Kent. [3] Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread [4] this unbolted villain [5] into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn.

[3] *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!*——] I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called *zed*, nor how Z is an *unnecessary letter*. Scarron compares his deformity to the shape of Z, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should Goneril's steward be crooked. unless the allusion be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiors. Perhaps it was written, *thou whoreson* C (for cuckold) *thou unnecessary letter*. C is a letter unnecessary in our alphabet, one of its two sounds being represented by S, and one by K. But all the copies concur in the common reading. JOHNSON.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!——] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. C cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied by any other, as *charity*, *chastity*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter. This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "*Z* is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its *lieutenant general*. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisments." FARMER.

[4] —*this unbolted villain*——] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*into mortar*,——] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, act I. scene i:

"——I will help your memory,
"And *tread thee into mortar*." STEEVENS.

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
[6] Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* rascal. TOLLET.

[6] *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords* atwaine,
Which are t' intrince, t' unloose; ——] Thus the first editors blundered this passage into unintelligible nonsense. Mr. Pope so far has disengaged it, as to give us plain sense; but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, it is evident that he was not aware of the poet's fine meaning. I will first establish and prove the reading, then explain the allusion. Thus the poet gave it:

Like rats, oft bite the *holy* cords in twain,
Too *intrinsicate* t' unloose: ——

This word again occurs in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the Aspick:

" ——Come, mortal wretch;
" With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsicate*
" Of life at once untie." ——

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.—— *Yet there are certain punctilios, or, as I may more nakedly insinuate them, certain* intrinsicate *strokes and words, to which your activity is not yet amounted*, &c. It means inward, hidden, perplext; as a knot, hard to be unravelled: it is derived from the Latin adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the Italians have coined a very beautiful phrase, *intrinsicarsi col une*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our author's sense. Kent is rating the steward, as a parasite of Goneril's; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princess and her father: in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious rat: and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, stiles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*. THEOBALD.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords *in twain*
Too intrinsicate t' unloose: ——] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the* sanc-

Too 'intrinsicate t'unloose: sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, [7] and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your [8] epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to [9] Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

sanctuary; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*and turn their* halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew.

So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"But how now stands the wind?
"Into what corner peers my *Halcyon's bill?*"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a *halcyon* with her turning brest,
"Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*epileptic visage!*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*Camelot*] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"——raise more powers
"To man with strength the castle *Camelot*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?
"Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."

STEEVENS.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy [1],
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not [2].

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and [3] conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
[4] Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent.

[1] *No contraries hold more antipathy,*
Than I and ſuch a knave.]
Hence Mr. Pope's expreſſion:
"The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad." TOLLET.

[2] —— likes *me not.*] i. e. pleaſes me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"I did but caſt an amorous eye, e'en now,
"Upon a pair of gloves that ſomewhat *lik'd* me."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *conſtrains the* garb
Quite from his nature.———]
Forces his *outſide* or his *appearance* to ſomething totally *different from* his natural diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

[4] *Than twenty* ſilly *ducking obſervants,*] The epithet *ſilly* cannot be right. 1ſt, Becauſe Cornwall, in this beautiful ſpeech, is not talking of the *different ſucceſs* of theſe two kinds of paraſites, but of their *different corruptions of heart.* 2d, Becauſe he ſays theſe ducking obſervants *know how* to ſtretch their duties nicely. I am perſuaded we ſhould read:
Than twenty *ſilky* ducking obſervants,

which

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
[5] On flickering Phœbus' front,——
Cor. What mean'st thou by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, [6] though

which not only alludes to the *garb* of a court sycophant, but admirably well denotes the smoothness of his *character*. But what is more, the poet generally gives them this epithet in other places. So, in *Richard* III. he calls them:

"—— *Silky*, sly, insinuating Jacks."

And, in *Coriolanus*:

"————when steel grows
"Soft as the *parasite's silk*."———— WARBURTON.

The alteration is more ingenious than the arguments by which it is supported. JOHNSON.

Silly means only *simple*, or rustic. So, in *Cymbeline*, act V. sc iii:

"There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit," meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely is foolishly*. Niais. Fr. STEEVENS.

[5] *On flickering Phœbus' front*—] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall understand."

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"————some castrel
"That hovers over her, and dares her daily;
"Some *flickring* slave."————

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of *Plutarch*, talks of the *flickering* enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris,

"From the sky down *flickering*, &c."

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air."

Again, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
"And *flicker* near her side for company." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.*] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Cor. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, [7] conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
[8] But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave [9], you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you———

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks;—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

[7] *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio. STEEVENS.

[8] *But Ajax is their* fool.] *Their fool* means here, their *butt*, their *laughing-stock*. These finical puppies (says Kent) these *rogues and cowards*, never meet with a man superior to themselves, but they make him their jest, like *Ajax* with *Thersites*. Shakespeare's idea of *Ajax* may be seen in his *Troilus and Cressida*, where he is the *fool* of the play, and the constant object of *Thersites'* ridicule, for a *scurvy valiant ass*, *Mars's ideot*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——ancient *knave*.] Two of the quartos read—*miscreant* knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*. STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out* [1].

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour [2]
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
[3] * His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest [4] wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with *: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.——

[*Kent is put in the stocks* [5].

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,

[1] —*stocks*] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *K. Henry* VIII. *Pity* is put into them and left there till he is freed by *Perseveraunce* and *Contemplacyon.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*colour.*] The quartos read, *nature.* STEEVENS.

[3] *His fault*—] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the* meanest ——] This is a conjectural emendation by Mr. Pope. The quartos read—*and temnest*, perhaps, for *contemned'st.* STEEVENS.

[5] I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the *stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair.*

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

'Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. [7] Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, [*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles [8];
But misery,—[9] I know, 'tis from Cordelia; [*Reading the letter.*
Who

[6] *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.*———] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

[7] *Good king, that must approve the common saw!*] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of*, &c. That changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction.* JOHNSON.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

"In your renning from him to me, *ye runne*
"*Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.*" TYRWHITT.

[8] —*Nothing almost sees miracles*,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almost sees *my wrack.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *I know 'tis from Cordelia*, &c.] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

———Cor-

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course;—[1] *and shall find time*
From this enormous state,——seeking to give
Losses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A part of the heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,

——Cordelia——has been——informed
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *seeking her fortune* will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647, "The maior perceiving this *enormous* doing, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——————*and shall find time*
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.——]

I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

That

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; [2] elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars [3], who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks [4], nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms [5],

[2] ——*elf all my hair in knots;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— plats the manes of horses in the night,
"And cakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
"Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Of Bedlam beggars,*] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*. "——he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a cold.*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand." To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin.

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*wooden pricks,*] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Devill*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fed.&c." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*low* farms,] The quartos read, low *service*. STEEVENS.

Poor

[6] Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans [7], sometime with prayers,
Inforce their charity.—[8] Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—[9] Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

[6] *Poor* pelting *villages,*——] *Pelting* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally cloathed in leather. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakespeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakespeare. So in *King and no King*, act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spanish Curate, act II. sc. ult. ---"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*. Hector says to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd
"The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be *a corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*; and if it comes from *pelt* a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages*, *peace*, *law*, *rivers*, *officers of justice* and *wars*, all out of one wardrobe. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*lunatic* bans,] To *ban*, is to curse.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly:

"Well, be as be may is no *banning*."

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth.

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*poor* Turlygood! *poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, *a fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *poor* Turlurù. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[1] Earl of Glofter's caftle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ftrange, that they fhould fo depart from home,
And not fend back my meffenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpofe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble mafter!

Lear. How! mak'ft thou this fhame thy paftime?

Kent. No, my lord [2].

Fool. Ha, ha; look! [3] he wears cruel garters! Horfes

[1] *Earl of Glofter's caftle.*] It is not very clearly difcovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he fent a letter to Glofter; but no hint is given of its contents. He feems to have gone to vifit Glofter while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Glocefter's, in confequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his fon and daughter were gone to the earl of Glocefter's. His firft words fhew this: "*'Tis ftrange that they* (Cornwall and Regan) *fhould fo depart from home, and not fend back my* meffenger (Kent)." It is clear alfo from Kent's fpeech in this fcene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, inftead of being fent back with any anfwer, was ordered to follow the duke and dutchefs to the earl of Glocefter's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding act, fcene v. *Go you before* to Glocefter *with thefe letters.*——The obvious meaning, and what will agree beft with the courfe of the fubfequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then refiding at Glocefter. Why Shakefpeare fhould choofe to fuppofe them at Glocefter, rather than at any other city, is a different queftion. Perhaps he might think, that Glocefter implied fuch a neighbourhood to the earl of Glocefter's caftle, as his ftory required. TYRWHITT.

[2] *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] —*he wears* cruel *garters.*—] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* fignifies *worfted*, of which ftockings, garters, night-

Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty [4] at legs, [5] then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act ii.

"For who that had but half his wits about him
"Would commit the counsel of a serious sin
"To such a *crewel night-cap*."——

So again in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

"——I'll warrant you, he'll have
"His *cruell garters* cross about the knee."

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"I speak the prologue to our silk and *cruel*
"Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Wearing of *silk* why art thou still so *cruel*?"

Again, in Edmund Prestwich's Poem on a lady working a bed with *crewell*:

"Not *crewell* bed, but bed of *cruelty*." STEEVENS.

4 — *over-lusty* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"——upon pain of being plagued for their *lustyness*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"——she'll snarl and bite,
"And take up Nero for his *lustiness*."

Again, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and *lustie* in the campe, &c." STEEVENS.

5 ——*then he wears wooden* nether-stocks.] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *overstockes*," as I learn from Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of* Nether-Stockes *worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

"Thy *upper stocks*, be they stuft with silke or flocks,
"Never become thee like *a nether paire of stocks*."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1585:

—"to cover the pot with my right *netherstock*."

STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. [6] No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay [7].
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
[8] To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
[9] Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which

6 *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

7 *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

8 *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

9 *Deliver'd letters, spight of* intermission,] *Intermission*, for another message which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the steward's message. WARBURTON.

Spight

Which presently they read: on whose contents,
[1] They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. [2] Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.——

Spight of intermission is without pause, without suffering time intervene. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——gentle heaven,
"Cut short all *intermission*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *They summon'd up their* meiny,——] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPE.

Mesne, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.

"——if she, or her sad *meiny*,
"Be towards sleep, I'll wake them."

Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,
"And of all the *meiny* that was there."

Again:

"Here cometh the king of Israel,
"With a fayre *meinye*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Winter's not gone yet*, &c.] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

But

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many [3] dolours from thy dear daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother [4] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

[3] ——— *dolours.*] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars.* HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in the *Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Oh, how this mother, &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis.* It riseth . . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakespeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

Kent.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. [5] All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. [6] When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That, ſir, which ſerves and ſeeks for gain,
And follows but for form,

[5] *All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell*, &c.] There is in this ſentence no clear ſeries of thought. If he that follows his noſe is led or guided by his eyes, he wants no information from his noſe. I perſuade myſelf, but know not whether I can perſuade others, that our author wrote thus:—"All men are led by their "eyes, but blind men, and they follow their noſes: and there's "not a noſe among twenty but can ſmell him that's ſtinking."— Here is a ſucceſſion of reaſoning. You aſk, why the king has no more in his train? why, becauſe men who are led by their eyes ſee that he is ruined; and if there were any blind among them, who, for want of eyes, followed their noſes, they might by their noſes diſcover that it was no longer fit to follow the king. JOHNSON.

The word *twenty* refers to the *noſes* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. The paſſage, thus conſidered, bears clearly the very ſenſe which the above note endeavours to eſtabliſh by alteration. STEEVENS.

[6] —*When a wiſe man gives thee*, &c.] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uſes, on all occaſions, to prevent his ſentiments from being perverſely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and baſe deſertion of the unfortunate, for fear it ſhould be underſtood ſeriouſly, though delivered by his buffoon or jeſter, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine ſenſe:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
[7] But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.'

Glo. [8] Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

[7] *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*
And let, &c.]
I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,——

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool, the wise men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. JOHNSON.

[8] *Glo.*] This, with the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—[9]
No, but not yet:——may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
[1] Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney [2] did to the

9 —*Tell the hot duke, that*——] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear*—— STEEVENS.

1 *Is practice only.*————]. *Practice* is in Shakespeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice.* JOHNSON.

2 ——*the* cockney] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook:* "At

[3] the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glofter, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress [4].—O, are you free?
[*To Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, [5] she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,——
[*Points to his heart.*

"At that feast were they served in rich array;
"Every five and five had a *cokeney*."

i. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakespeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say, "I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney*." In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning:

"And whan this jape is tald another day,
"I shall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay*."

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 253, where the reader will meet with all the information to be had on this subject. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the eels, when she put them i' the paste*——] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

[4] *sepulchring*, &c.] This word is accented in the same manner by *Fairfax* and *Milton*:

"As if his work should his *sepulcher* be." C. i. st. 25.
"And so *sepulcher'd* in such pomp doe lie."
Milton on Shakespeare, line xv. STEEVENS.

[5] ————*she hath tied*
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,]
Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

I can

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
[6] Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
[7] Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say? [8] How is that?
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

[6] Of *how deprav'd a quality*——] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

With how deprav'd a quality—— JOHNSON.

[7] *Than she to* scant *her duty.*] The word *scant* is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads;

——*slack* her duty,

which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to *scan* her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uses his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration.—*Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion*; which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term *scantling*. JOHNSON.

Hanmer had proposed this change of *scant* into *scan*, but surely no alteration is necessary. The other reading—*slack* would answer as well. You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than she can be capable of being wanting in her duty. STEEVENS.

[8] *Say*, &c.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ Do you but mark how this becomes the house?
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
¹ *Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg.

⁹ *Do you but mark how this becomes* the house?] This phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: neither can it mean, how this becomes the order of families. Lear would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my daughter's forgiveness agree with common fashion, the established rule and custom of nature? No doubt, but the poet wrote, *becomes the use*. And that Shakespeare employs *use* in this signification, is too obvious to want a proof. THEOBALD.

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?] Mr. Theobald says, "This phrase seems to say little to the purpose;" and therefore alters it to,——becomes the *use*,——which signifies less. The Oxford Editor makes him still more familiar—becometh *us*. All this chopping and changing proceeds from an utter ignorance of a great, a noble, and a most expressive phrase,——becomes the *house*;——which signifies the order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

With this *most expressive phrase* I believe no reader is satisfied. I suspect that it has been written originally:

Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becometh — thus.
Dear daughter, I confess, &c.

Becomes the house, and *becometh thus*, might be easily confounded by readers so unskilful as the original printers. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. "——the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to *the house*, the church, and commonwealth!" TOLLET.

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598: "Come up to supper; it will *become the house* wonderful well."

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with the following extract from sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. 11. which has much the same expression, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *house*. The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free, &c." STEEVENS.

¹ *Age is* unnecessary;——] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
[2] Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:——
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
[3] To fall and blast her pride!

Reg.

plained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives of their parents *should be prolonged*. *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

" ———your laws extend not to desert,
" But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,
" His are not such." STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—*in want of necessaries unable to procure them*. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Look'd black upon me;*——] To *look black*, may easily be explain'd to *look cloudy* or *gloomy*. See *Milton*

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
" Grew *darker* at their frown."—— JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 1157: " ——The bishops thereat repined, and *looked black*." TOLLET.

[3] *To fall, and blast her pride!*] Thus the quarto: the folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter:

———Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
Do, fall, and blast her pride! JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's alteration will appear unnecessary, if we consider *fall* to be used here as an active verb, signifying to humble, to pull down. *Infect her beauty, ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the sun for this end—to fall and blast*, i. e. humble and destroy *her pride*. Shakespeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Othello*:

 " Each

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, [4] when the raſh mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy [5] tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, [6] to ſcant my ſizes,
And

"Each drop ſhe *falls* will prove a crocodile."

Again, in the *Tempeſt*:

"To *fall* it on Gonzalo.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——make him *fall*
"His craſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends." MALONE.

[4] ——*when the raſh mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only,——*when the raſh mood*——perhaps leaving the ſentence purpoſely unfiniſhed. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*tender-hefted*——] This word, though its general meaning be plain, I do not critically underſtand. JOHNSON.

Thy tender-hefted nature—] *Hefted* ſeems to mean the ſame as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whoſe boſom is agitated by tender paſſions. The formation of ſuch a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakeſpeare uſes *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*hefted* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle diſpoſitions. *Heſt* is an old word ſignifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Muſt yield to *heſt* of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*to ſcant my ſizes*,] To contract my allowances or proportions ſettled. JOHNSON.

A *ſizer* is one of the loweſt rank of ſtudents at Cambridge, and lives on a ſtated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *ſizeth* the devil's butteries."

"Fidlers, ſet it on my head; I uſe to *ſize* my muſic, or go on the ſcore for it." *Return from Parnaſſus.*

Size ſometimes means *company*. So, in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"He

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

[7] If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make

"He now attended with a barbal *fine*
"Of sober statesmen, &c."
I suppose a *barbal fine* is a *bearded company*. STEEVENS.

See a *fine* in Minshew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

[7] *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that *to allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "—she *allows* of thee for love, not for lust."

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—[To Gon.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, [8] that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd [9] much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. [1] I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If,

lust." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin, &c." Again, Sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæsar met: "they neither greatly reproved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was first published in 1687. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*that indiscretion* finds,] *Finds* is here used in the same sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion. Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*, act V. sc. i:

"Why 'tis *found* so" EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*much less* advancement] The word *advancement* is ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, *a man is* advanced *to the pillory*. We should read:

——but his own disorders
Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation: a situation not so reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him even a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

[1] *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.*] This is a very odd request. She surely asked something more reasonable. We should read,

"——being

If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
[2] No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To

—— being weak, *deem't* so.
i. e. believe that my husband tells you true, that Kent's disorders deserved a more ignominious punishment. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, since *you are weak*, be content to think yourself weak. No change is needed. JOHNSON.

[2] *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse*
To wage against *the enmity o' the air:*
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch.——]

Thus should these lines (in the order they were read, in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's) be pointed: the want of which pointing contributed, perhaps, to mislead him in transposing the second and third lines; on which imaginary regulation he thus descants. "The breach of the sense here is a manifest proof that these lines were transposed by the first editors. Neither can there be any syntax or grammatical coherence, unless we suppose (*necessity's sharp pinch*) to be the accusative to (*wage*)." But this is supposing the verb *wage*, to want an accusative, which it does not. To *wage*, or *wages against one*, was a common expression; and, being a species of acting (namely, acting in opposition) was as proper as to say, *act against any one*. So, *to wage against the enmity o' the air*, was to strive or fight against it. *Necessity's sharp pinch*, therefore, is not the accusative to *wage*, but declarative of the condition of him who is a *comrade of the wolf and owl*; in which the verb (*is*) is understood. The consequence of all this is, that it was the *last editors*, and not the *first*, who transposed the lines from the order the poet gave them: for the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

To *wage* is often used absolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn
To *wage* against thine enemies.

The spirit of the following passage seems to be lost in the hands of both the commentators. It should, perhaps, be pointed thus:

To be a comrade of the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—

These last words appear to be the reflection of Lear on the

wretched

To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep [3] base life afoot;——Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave [4] and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewel:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an [5] embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;

wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines. STEEVENS.

3 ——*base life*—] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

4 —*and sumpter*] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in.—Vide B. and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seyward's edit. vol. viii. note 35; and *Cupid's Revenge.*

"—— I'll have a horse to leap thee,
"And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters.*"

Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"He is indeed a guarded *sumpter-cloth*
"Only for the remove o'the court." STEEVENS.

5 ——*embossed carbuncle*] *Embossed* is *swelling*, *protuberant.* JOHNSON.

I look'd

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so——
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could controul them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. [6] Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When

[6] *Those* wicked *creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*
When others are more wicked,——]

Dr. Warburton would exchange the repeated epithet *wicked* into *wrinkled* in both places. The commentator's only objection to the lines as they now stand, is the discrepancy of the metaphor, the want of opposition between *wicked* and *well-favoured*. But he might have remembered what he says in his own preface concern-

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[To Gonerill.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a [7] poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

concerning *mixed modes*. Shakespeare, whose mind was more intent upon notions than words, had in his thoughts the pulchritude of virtue, and the deformity of wickedness; and though he had mentioned *wickedness*, made the correlative answer to *deformity*. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, act V.

———it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. STEEVENS.

This passage, I think, should be pointed thus:

Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—

That is, *To be not the worst* deserves some praise. TYRWHITT.

[7] *—poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow*. JOHNSON.

To

To bear it tamely; [8] touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall,—I will do such things [9],—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from rest,

[8] —*touch me with noble anger!*] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, the drift, and the coherence of this petition. For if the gods sent this evil for his punishment, how could he expect that they should defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries? The solution is, that Shakespeare here makes his speaker allude to what the ancient poets tell us of the misfortunes of particular families: namely, that when the anger of the gods, for an act of impiety, was raised against an offending house, their method of punishment was, first to inflame the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their parents; and then, of the parents against their children, in order to destroy one another; and that both these outrages were the instigation of the gods. To consider Lear as alluding to this divinity, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine.

WARBURTON.

[9] ——*I will do such things*——
What they are, yet I know not;]
—— magnum est quodcunque paravi,
Quid sit, adhuc dubito. *Ovid. Met.* lib. vi.
——haud quid sit scio,
Sed grande quiddam est. *Senecæ Thyestes.*

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations.

STEEVENS.

And

And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloſter?

Re-enter Gloſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going [1]?

Glo. He calls to horſe; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
[2] Do ſorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counſels well: come out o' the ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Whither is he going?*
Glo. *He calls to horſe;*]
Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] *Do ſorely* ruffle,——] Thus the folio. The quartos read,
Do ſorely *ruſſel*, i. e. *ruſtle*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm[3] *is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you; Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main [3],
That things might change, or cease: [4] tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
[5] This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The

[3] *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the* main,] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land, the continent.* So, in *Bacon's War with Spain:* "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *tears his white hair;*] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakespeare's. POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease,* and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

[5] *This night, wherein the* cub-drawn *bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young;* whereas

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of [6] my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
[7] Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen [8],

whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.* For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night." WARBURTON.

Shakespeare has the same image in *As you Like It:*

"A lioness, *with udders all drawn dry,*
"Lay couching——"

Again, *Ibidem:*

"Food to the *suck'd and hungry* lioness." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*my note,*] My observation of your character. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

——— upon the warrant of my *art:*

i. e. on the strength of *my skill* in phisiognomy. STEEVENS.

[7] *Who have (as who have not,*——] The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion: nor without them is the sense of the context complete. THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEEVENS.

[8] —*what hath been seen,*] What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

Either

[9] Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these [1] are but furnishings;—
[[2] But, true it is, [3] from France there comes a power
Into

[9] *Either in* snuffs *or* packings——] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.
So, in *Henry* IV. first part: "Took it in *snuff*;" and in *King Edward* III. 1599:

"This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it."

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"With two gods *packing* one woman silly to cozen.

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has "*pack'd* cards with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*are but* furnishings.] *Furnishings* are what we now cal *colours, external pretences.* JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

[2] *But true it is*, &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

[3] ——*from France there comes a power*
Into this scatter'd *kingdom*; *who already*,
Wise in our negligence, have secret sea
In some of our best ports.——]

Scatter'd kingdom, if it have any sense, gives us the idea of a kingdom fallen into an *anarchy*: but that was not the case. It submitted quietly to the government of Lear's two sons-in-law. It was divided, indeed, by this means, and so hurt, and weaken'd. And this was what Shakespeare meant to say, who, without doubt, wrote:

——*scathed* kingdom;——

i. e. hurt, wounded, impaired. And so he frequently uses *scath* for hurt or damage. Again, what a strange phrase is, having *sea in a port*, to signify a fleet's lying at anchor? which is all it can signify. And what is stranger still, a *secret sea*, that is, lying incognito, like the army at Knight's Bridge in *The Rehearsal*. Without doubt the poet wrote:

 ——have

Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret fee
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point

——— have ſecret *ſeize*
In ſome of our beſt ports; ———
i. e. they are ſecretly ſecure of ſome of the beſt ports, by having a party in the garriſon ready to ſecond any attempt of their friends, &c. The exactneſs of the expreſſion is remarkable; he ſays, *ſecret ſeize in ſome*, not *of ſome*. For the firſt implies a conſpiracy ready to ſeize a place on warning, the other, a place already ſeized. WARBURTON.

The true ſtate of this ſpeech cannot from all theſe notes be diſcovered. As it now ſtands it is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines incloſed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the ſpeech be read with omiſſion of the former, it will ſtand according to the firſt edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then ſtand according to the ſecond. The ſpeech is now tedious, becauſe it is formed by a coalition of both. The ſecond edition is generally beſt, and was probably neareſt to Shakeſpeare's laſt copy, but in this paſſage the firſt is preferable; for in the folio, the meſſenger is ſent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but truſting too much to himſelf, and full of a ſingle purpoſe, he did not accommodate his new lines to the reſt of the ſcene.—The learned critic's emendations are now to be examined. *Scattered* he has changed to *ſcathed*; for *ſcattered*, he ſays, gives *the idea of an anarchy, which was not the caſe*. It may be replied that *ſcathed* gives the idea of ruin, waſte, and deſolation, *which was not the caſe*. It is unworthy a lover of truth, in queſtions of great or little moment, to exaggerate or extenuate for mere convenience, or for vanity yet leſs than convenience. *Scattered* naturally means *divided*, *unſettled*, *diſunited*.—Next is offered with great pomp a change of *ſea* to *ſeize*; but in the firſt edition the word is *fee*, for *hire*, in the ſenſe of having any one in *fee*, that is, *at devotion for money*. *Fee* is in the ſecond quarto changed to *ſee*, from which one made *ſea* and another *ſeize*. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) reads *ſecret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *ſecret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following ſcene:

——what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEEVENS.

To

To ſhew their open banner,—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purſe, and take
What it contains: If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As fear not but you ſhall) ſhew her this ring;
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found [4] the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this,) he that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[4] ——— *the king, in which your pain,*
That way, I'll this: he that firſt, &c.
Thus the folio. The late reading:
———for which you take
That way, I this,———
was not genuine. The quartos read:
That when we have found the king,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and [5] thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers [6] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
[7] Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
[8] Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once [9],
That make ingrateful man!

[5] ——*thought-executing*——] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

[6] *Vaunt-couriers.*] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakespeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:
—"as soon as the first *vaucurrer* encountered him face to face."
Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:
"Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove."
Again, in *Darius*: 1603:
"Th' *avant-corours*, that came for to examine."
STEEVENS.

[7] Strike *flat*, &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite* flat. STEEVENS.

[8] *Crack nature's moulds, all* germains *spill at once*] Thus all the editions have given us this passage; and Mr. Pope has explained *germains* to mean *relations*, or *kindred* elements. But the poet means here, "Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it." To retrieve which sense we must write *germins* from *germen*. Our author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
"And mar the *seeds* within." THEOBALD.
Theobald is right. So, in *Macbeth*:
"——and the sum
"Of nature's *germins* tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water [1] in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o'-door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
[2] You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; [3] here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O! O! [4] 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

9 ——ſpill *at once.*] To *ſpill* is to deſtroy. So, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:
So as I ſhall myſelf *ſpill.* STEEVENS.

1 ——*court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phraſes, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words.* The French have the ſame phraſe. *Eaü benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary.* STEEVENS.

2 *You owe me no* ſubſcription;——] *Subſcription* for obedience. WARBURTON.

3 ——*Here I ſtand your* ſlave,] But why ſo? It is true, he ſays, that they *owed him no ſubſcription*; yet ſure he owed them none. We ſhould read:
——Here I ſtand your *brave*;
i. e. I defy your worſt rage, as he had ſaid juſt before. What led the editors into this blunder was what ſhould have kept them out of it, namely, the following line:
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man.
And this was the wonder, that ſuch a one ſhould *brave* them all. WARBURTON.

The meaning is plain enough, he was not their *ſlave* by right or compact, but by neceſſity and compulſion. Why ſhould a paſſage be darkened for the ſake of changing it? Beſides, of *brave* in that ſenſe I remember no example. JOHNSON.

4 ——*'tis foul.*] Shameful; diſhonourable. JOHNSON.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any:
The head and he shall louse;—
[5] *So beggars marry many.*
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry, woe!
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. [6] No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece [7]; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas sir, [8] are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
[9] Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,

[5] *So beggars marry many.*] i.e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

[6] *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*
I will say nothing.]
So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir:*
"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
"Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." STEEVENS.

[7] —*and a* cod-piece, *that's a wise man and a fool.*] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no discretion below the girdle.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*are you here?*——The quartos read—*sit* you here? STEEVENS.

[9] Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] *Gallow,* a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARBURTON.

So, the Somersetshire proverb: "The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms. STEEVENS.

Such

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the [1] fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep [2] this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and [3] thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
[4] That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your [5] concealing continents, [6] and cry

These

[1] —*fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*this dreadful* pother——] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher:

"——faln out with their meat, and *kept a pudder.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*thou simular of virtue,*] Shakespeare has here kept exactly to the Latin propriety of the term. I will only observe, that our author seems to have imitated Skelton in making a substantive of *simular*, as the other did of *dissimular*:

"With other foure of theyr affynyte,
"Dysdayne, ryotte, *dissymuler*, subtylte."—*The Bouge of Courte.* WARBURTON.

The quartos read simular *man*, and therefore Dr. Warburton's note might be spared. STEEVENS.

[4] *That under covert and* convenient *seeming,*] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

[5] —*concealing* continents,—] *Continent* stands for that which *contains* or *incloses*. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent!*

Again, in Chapman's translation of the XIIth. Book of Homer's *Odyssey;*

"I told

These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man [7],
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.——
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.——
Poor fool and knave, I have [8] one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [9] *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
Must

"I told our pilot that past other men
"He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
"The *continent* that all our spirits convey'd, &c."
The quartos read, *concealed centers.* STEEVENS.

6 ———— *and cry*
These dreadful summoners *grace.*——]
Summoners are here the *officers* that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

7 *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.
———— τἄγ' ἔργα μου
Πεπονθοτ' ἐστι μᾶλλον ἢ δεδρακοτα. TYRWHITT.

8 ———— *one* part *in my heart* &c.] Some editions read,
———— *thing* in my heart;
from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made *string*, very unnecessarily; both the copies have *part.* JOHNSON.

The old quartos read,
That *sorrows* yet for thee. STEEVENS.

9 *He that has a little tiny wit,—*] I fancy that the second line of this stanza had once a termination that rhymed with the fourth

Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
[1] I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When

fourth; but I can only fancy it; for both the copies agree. It was once perhaps written,

With heigh ho, the wind and the rain *in his way.*

The meaning seems likewise to require this insertion. "He that has wit, however small, and finds wind and rain in his way, must content himself by thinking, that somewhere or other *it raineth every day*, and others are therefore suffering like himself." Yet I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the burthen appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any reference to the sense of the song. JOHNSON.

[1] *I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:*
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.]

The judicious reader will observe through this heap of nonsense and confusion, that this is not *one* but *two* prophecies. The first, a satyrical description of the *present manners as future:* and the second, a satyrical description *of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening.* Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction: yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only premising that the first line is corrupted by the loss of a word—*or ere I go*, is not English, and should be helped thus:

1. I'll

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
[2] When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
[3] No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

1. I'll speak a prophecy or *two* ere I go:
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors;
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—*i. e.* *Now.*
2. When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, and no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.—*i. e.* *Never.* WARBURTON.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inserted his emendation in the text. *Or e'er* is proved by Mr. Upton to be good English; but the controversy was not necessary, for *or* is not in the old copies.
JOHNSON.

[2] *When nobles are their tailors' tutors;*] i. e. Invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

[3] *No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;*] The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

This

† This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in Gloster's castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

† *This prophecy*—] This prophecy is not in the quartos.
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.]
These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:
"When faith fails in priestes saws,
"And lords hests are holden for laws,
"And robbery is tane for purchase,
"And letchery for solace,
"*Then shall the realm of Albion*
"*Be brought to great confusion.*" STEEVENS.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt [5]. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the [6] raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

[5] *But where the greater malady is fix'd,*
The lesser is scarce felt.]
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.
"He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——————raging *sea*,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—*roaring sea*. STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night[7]
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.———

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
[8] In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness[9], defend you

[7] ———*In such a night*
To shut me out!—Pour on, I will endure:—
Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *In, boy; go first.*——] These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

[9] —— window'd *raggedness*—
So in the *Amorous War*, 1648:
"———— spare me a doublet which
Hath linings in't, and no glass *windows.*"
This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.
Again, in the comedy already quoted:
"———— this jerkin
"Is wholly made of *doors.*" STEEVENS.

From

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half [1], fathom and half!
Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!——
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
[2] Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters [3]?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath [4] led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quag-

[1] *Fathom, &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea. STEEVENS.

[2] *Humph! go to thy bed*——] So the folio. The quarto,
Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. JOHNSON.
So, in the introduction to the *Taming of a Shrew*, *Sly* says, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I suppose, on some passage in a play as absurd as the *Spanish Tragedy*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters?*
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *led through fire and through flame*,—] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

quagmire; that hath [5] laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—[6] Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from

5 — *laid knives under his pillow*,—] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in Dr. *Faustus*, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
"Are laid before me to dispatch myself." STEEVENS.

6 — *bless thy five wits*.] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is Sensual *Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

"I am callyd sensual apetyte,
"All creatures in me delyte,
"I comforte the *wyttys five*;
"The tastyng smelling and herynge
"I refreshe the syghte and felynge
"To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

"*Every man*, thou arte made, thou hast thy *wyttes fyve*."

Again, in *Hycke Scorner*:

"I have spent amys my *v wittes*."

Again, in the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Rastell, 1519:

"Brute bestis have memory and their *wyttes five*."

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*:

"As touchende of my *wittes five*." STEEVENS.

Shakespeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have consider'd the *five wits*, as distinct from *the senses*:

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can
"Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee." MALONE.

whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and [7] taking! Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.——
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe [8] pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit

[7] ——*taking!*—] To *take* is to blaſt, or ſtrike with malignant influence:

——————ſtrike her young bones,
Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs. JOHNSON.

[8] ——————*pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to ſuck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, ſecond part:
"Shall a ſilly bird pick her own breaſt to nouriſh her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and ſhall not I?"
Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:
"The *pelican* loves not her young ſo well
"That digs upon her breaſt a hundred ſprings."
STEEVENS.

not

not [9] with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, [1] wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, [2] light of ear, bloody of hand; [3] Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf

[9] *Commit not*, &c.] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

"His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets."

STEEVENS.

[1] —*wore gloves in my cap*,—] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets."

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"——Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"——he that first presents me with his head,
"Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will *wear for his sake*: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*light of ear*,——] i. e. Credulous. WARBURTON.

Not merely *credulous*, but *credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness*, &c.] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainy in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainy by gestures acted that particular sin;

curl-

wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets [4], thy pen from lenders' books [5], and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: [6] Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Seſſy; let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear.

curling his hair to ſhew *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and ſnoring for *ſloth*, &c.—Harſenet's book, p. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS

4 —— *thy hand out of* plackets.] It appeareth from the following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a ſilly comedy, that *placket* doth not ſignify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is diſcovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*." Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the ſame account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath ſome deeper meaning in the *Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus ſaith—"You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was ſenſele[illegible]." [illegible]ER.

5 *Thy pen from lenders' books.*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but *write my name in mercers' books*,
"I am as ſure to have at ſix months end
"A raſcal at my elbow with his mace, &c." STEEVENS.

6 ——*Says ſuum, mun, nonny*, &c.] Of this paſſage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt; for wildneſs, not nonſenſe, is the effect of a diſordered imagination. The quarto reads, *hay no on ny, dolphins, my boy, ceaſe, let him trot by*. Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The madman, now counterfeiting a proud fit, ſuppoſes himſelf met on the road by ſome one that diſputes the way, and cries *Hey!—No*—but altering his mind, condeſcends to let him paſs, and calls to his boy *Dolphin* (Rodolph) not to contend with him. *On—Dolphin, my boy, ceaſe. Let him trot by.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is right. *Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinſmen* (ſaid to be written by Shakeſpeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* ſongs.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Ceaſe, let him trot by;
It ſeemeth not that ſuch a foe
From me or you would fly.

This

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come [8]; unbutton here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart [9]; a small spark,

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.——As for the words, *fay, fuum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense. STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair:*

"God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy!*" FARMER.

[8] *Come, unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads:

Come on, be true. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*an old lecher's heart.*] This image appears to have been imitated by B. and Fletcher in the *Humourous Lieutenant:*

" ————an *old man's* loose desire

" Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at:

 " Which

ſpark, and all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend [1] *Flibbertigibbet:* he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the firſt cock; he gives the [2] web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

[3] *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid

" Which when they gather'd ſticks, and laid upon't,
" And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Flibbertigibbet;*——] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his ſermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his fixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet:*

" Thou *Flebergibet*, *Flebergibet*, thou wretch!
" Wotteſt thou whereto laſt part of that word doth ſtretch?
" Leave that word, or I'll haſte thee with a libet;
" Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet."
STEEVENS.

" Frateretto, *Fliberdigibet*, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morice. . . . Theſe four had forty aſſiſtants under them, as themſelves doe confeſſe." *Harſenet*, p. 49. PERCY.

[2] ——*web and the pin,*——] Diſeaſes of the eye. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1600. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous deſcription of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he ſays, " a *pin and web* argent in hair du roy." STEEVENS.

[3] *Swithold footed thrice the* old;] The *old*, my ingenious friend Mr. Biſhop ſays, muſt be *wold*, which ſignifies a down, or ground, hilly and void of wood. THEOBALD.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!]

We ſhould read it thus:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her *name told*,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee *right*.

i. e. Saint Withold traverſing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare;

Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter

Mare, who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. Bedlams, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monsieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night-spell*, and is in these words:

"Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,
"He walks by day, so he does by night;
"And when he had her found,
"He her beat and h[illegible]
"Until *to him her troth she plight,*
"She would not stir from him that night."

WARBURTON.

This is likewise one of the "magical cures" for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold.

TYRWHITT.

Shakespeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So in the *C[illegible] Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii, [illegible] Herod says to one of his officers:

"Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
"And wysely behold all abowte, &c."

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681. STEEVENS.

Enter Glofter, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you feek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the fwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets; fwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ftanding pool; who is [4] whipt from tything to tything, and ftock'd, punifh'd, and imprifon'd; who hath had three fuits to his back, fix fhirts to his body, horfe to ride, and weapon to wear,——

It is pleafant to fee the various readings of this paffage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been afcribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "*Swithin* footed thrice the *cold*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"*Swithin* footed thrice the *world*."

The ancient reading is *the olds:* which is pompoufly corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bifhop, to the *wolds:* in fact it is the fame word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds:* the *provincial* pronunciation is ftill the *oles:* and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,
He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c."

FARMER.

I was furprifed to fee in the *Appendix* to the laft edition of Shakefpeare, that my reading of this paffage was "Swithin footed thrice the *world*." I have ever been averfe to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the prefent inftance, the rhime, as well as the fenfe, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the prefs. *Wold* is a word ftill in ufe in the North of England; fignifying a kind of down near the fea. A large tract of country in the Eaft-Riding of Yorkfhire is called the *Woulds*. COLMAN.

4 —— *whipt from* tything *to* tything.——] A *tything* is a divifion of a place, a diftrict; the fame in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. STEEVENS.

But

But mice, and rats, and such [5] small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin [6]; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman [7];
[8] Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo.

[5] ——— *small deer*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *geer*, and is followed by Dr. Warburton. But *deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals. JOHNSON.

Mice and rats and such small deere
Have been Tom's food for seven long yeare.]

This distich has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, Dr. Warburton would read, *geer*, and Dr. Grey *cheer*. The ancient reading is, however, established by the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis, which Shakespeare had probably often heard sung to the harp, and to which he elsewhere alludes, as in the following instances:

"As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*."
Hen. VI. Act II.

Again, *Hen.* VIII. Act. I.
"That *Bevis* was believ'd."

This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere
"Was his meate that seven yere."

Sig. F. iij. PERCY.

[6] —*Peace*, Smolkin, *peace*,—] "The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, &c." Harsenet, p. 49. PERCY.

[7] *The prince of darkness is a gentleman*;] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said—"Has your grace no better company?" STEEVENS.

[8] *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So in Harsenet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu*;" he is elsewhere called, "the prince *Modu*:" so, p. 269, "When the

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.
Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban [9]:—
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said, it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

the said priests had dispatched theire business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sara Williams) they then returned towards mee, uppon pretence to cast the great prince [illegible] . . out mee." STEEVENS.

9 ——*learned Theban.*] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.

The

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:——
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words; hush.

Edg. ¹ *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was still,——Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

¹ *Child Rowland*——] In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans*; which the ballad-maker translated, *Child Roland*. WARBURTON.

This word is in some of our ballads. There is a song of *Child Walter, and a Lady*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this:

"——a mere hobby-horse
"She made the *Child Rowland*."

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1598. part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted: "—a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

"Fy, fa, fum,
"I smell the blood of an Englishman."

Spenser

SCENE V.

Gloster's castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; [2] but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of,

Spenser often uses the word *child*, to signify a prince, or a youthful knight. So, in the *Faerie Queen*, Book V. c. xi. st. 8.

" ——that sad steel seiz'd not where it was hight
" Upon the *child*, but somewhat short did fall.

By the *child* is here meant *Prince Arthur*. Both the quartos read:

———— to the dark *town come*. STEEVENS.

Child Rowland.] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. s. iv. v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

" The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his steed;
" Syr Cawline bold abode:
" Then either shook his trusty spear,
" And the timber these two *children* bare
" So soon in sunder slode."

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice* [Vol. III. s. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faerie Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. xi. st. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. st. 36. ibid. c. viii. st. 15. PERCY.

[2] ——*but a provoking merit*,] i. e. A merit which being neglected by the father, was provoked to an extravagant act. The Oxford editor, not understanding this, alters it to *provoked spirit*. WARBURTON.

of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him [3] comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A chamber, in a Farm-house.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Fraterretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. [4] No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman

[3] —*comforting*—] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting*, *helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos.*—*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Fool.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

to

to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

[5] Come hizzing in upon them:——

Edg. [6] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, [7] a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:— Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [*To Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes!——

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes [8] at trial, madam?

Come

[5] *Come hizzing in upon 'em.*——] Then follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the players, or by Shakespeare himself: I shall however insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy. POPE.

As Mr. Pope had begun to insert several speeches in the mad way, in this scene, from the old edition, I have ventured to replace several others, which stand upon the same footing, and had an equal right of being restored. THEOBALD.

[6] *Edgar.*] This and the next fourteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the* health *of a horse,*—] Without doubt we should read *heels*, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

[8] *Wantest*, &c.] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a mad man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seyward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest*. STEEVENS.

At

[9] *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:*—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg.

At trial, madam?] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastic thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture.
JOHNSON.

[9] *Come o'er the* broom, *Bessy, to me:*] As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read,

Come o'er the *brook*, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythie commedie, called, The longer thou Livest, the more Foole thou art*, &c. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moros*, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption.

"Com over the *boorne* Bessé
"My little pretie Bessé
"Com over the *boorne* Bessé to me."

A *bourn* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Mil*burn*, Sher*burn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading.

So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bournes*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Song xxviii.

"But that the brooks and *bournes* so hotly her pursue."

Again, in Song the xxixth:

"As petty *bournes* and becks I scorn but once to call."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*."

Shakespeare himself, in the *Tempest*, has discriminated *bourn* from *bound of land* in general:

"*Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard none."

Again in the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, line 8:

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* syde."

To this I may add, that *bourn*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice [1] of a nightingale. [2] *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring *. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:——Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;——
——[*To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,— [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

[3] *Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*
Thy sheep be in the corn;

And

borne. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *born*, or *born*, a well. Steevens.

[1] ——*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsnet's book (p. 225, says) that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakespeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale.* Percy.

[2] ———*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*———] In Harsenet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, "—that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . . and that the wind was the devil." And, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. Steevens.

* — *white herring.*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings.* See the *Northumberland Houshold Book*, p. 8. Steevens.

[3] *Sleepest, or wakest*, &c.] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* Yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. Johnson.

Minikin

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purre! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool [4].

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me [5].

* *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the enterlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome." In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakespeare may have designed a parody:

"Sleepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffery Coke."

[4] *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*see they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, 1595:

"Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me, &c."

STEEVENS.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them :—Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white [6],
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound, or spaniel, [7] brache, or lym;
Or bobtail tike [8], or trundle-tail [9];
Tom will make him weep and wail:

For

6 *Be thy mouth or* black *or* white,] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

7 ———*brache or hym*, &c.] Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.

Sir T. Hanmer for *hym* reads *lym*. JOHNSON.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—"all the *lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent."——A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—— So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, "canes domini regis *lesos*," are translated "Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*."

Again, in the *Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

"My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam*'s ty'd."

Again: "My *hound* then in my *lyam*, &c."

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, "A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of singular qualities."

Again, in Massinger's *Bashful Lover*:

"———smell out
"Her footing like a *lime-hound*."

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to the *Return from Parnassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line:

"Here is a leyshe of *ratches* to renne an hare." STEEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the sleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, "*Racha* Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane fœmina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*." TOLLET.

8 ——bobtail *tike*——] Tijk is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog:

'Are

For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de de. [1] Seſſy, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns:—Poor Tom, [2] thy horn is dry.

Lear.

"Are Mr. Robinſon's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?"
Witches of Lancaſter, 1634. STEEVENS.

[9] ———*trundle-tail.*] This ſort of dog is mentioned in *A oman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617:

"——your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"——dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *Seſſey, come*, &c.] Here is *ſeſſey* again, which I take to be the French word *ceſſez* pronounced *ceſſey*, which was, I ſuppoſe, like ſome others in common uſe among us. It is an interjection enforcing ceſſation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done.* It ſeems to have been gradually corrupted into, *ſo, ſo.* JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *ſeſe.* It is difficult in this place to ſay what is meant by it. It ſhould be remembered, that juſt before, Edgar had been calling on *Beſſy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Seſſy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs.* Nor is it impoſſible but that this may be a part of ſome old ſong, and originally ſtood thus:

Siſſy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns.———

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

"To make *Siſſe* in love withal."

Again: "My heart's deare blood, ſweet *Siſſe* is my carouſe."

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have ſeen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the ſharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind.

STEEVENS.

[2] ———*thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy uſed formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the ſtreets. JOHNSON.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the uſe of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial expreſſion, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has ſaid all he had to ſay. *Such a one's pipe's out* is a phraſe current in Ireland on the ſame occaſion.

I ſuppoſe Edgar to ſpeak theſe words *aſide.* Being quite weary

 of

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: [3] you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be chang'd. [*To Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon [4].

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, "—I can do no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Tom, Tom are now exhausted;" *my horn is dry:* i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, "—I cannot daub it further." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*You will say they are Persian;*——] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.
STEEVENS.

[4] *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos.
STEEVENS.

With

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up[5];
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* [6] Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd [7] thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt, bearing off the king.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving [8] free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

[5] *Take up, take up.*] One of the quartos reads——Take up *the king*, &c. the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ————*Oppressed nature sleeps.*——] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets: The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakespeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

[7] ——— *thy broken* senses,] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—thy broken *sinews*. *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*free things*,—] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!——Tom, away:
[9] Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray [1],
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, Lurk.]—— [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Gloster's castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are

[9] *Mark the high noises!*——] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*and thyself bewray,*] *Bewray* which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,
"Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie to *bewray*."

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"With ink *bewray* what blood began in me."

Again, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"—lest my head break, and so I *bewray* my brains."

STEEVENS.

bound

bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us [2]. Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, [3] my lord of Glocster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?
Stew. My lord of Glocster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
[4] Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.
[*Exeunt Goneril, and Edmund.*
Corn. Edmund, farewel.——Go, seek the traitor Glocster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—
[5] Though well we may not pass upon his life
With-

[2] ——*and intelligent betwixt us.*] So, in a former scene:
——spies and speculations
"*Intelligent* of our state. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*my lord of Glocster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

[4] *Hot questrists after him,*——] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or qu[illegible], or another. Mr. Pope and sir T. Hanmer read *questers.* STEEVENS.

[5] *T*[illegible] *not* pass *upon his life,*
——————*yet our pow'r*
Shall do a courtesy *to our wrath.*——]
To do a courtesy is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass,* is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression *to pass on any one* may be traced from *Magna Charta*:
"——nec *super eum ibimus,* nisi per legale judicium parium suorum."
It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus,* a comedy, 1529: "I do not nowe consider the myschievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *passe upon* them." Again,

 in

Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul. Who's there? The traitor?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his [6] corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say, [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find—— [*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. [7] By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg.

in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in It*, 1612: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *passe on* all villains in hell." STEEVENS.

[6] —*corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakespeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harsenet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was sugge[illegible] to him by a passage in that very curious pamph[illegible]et. "[illegible] pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this da[illegible] to be foun[illegible], to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, [illegible] her morice gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

[7] *By the kind gods,*——] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them, called by the ancients *dii hospitales*, *kind gods*. So, Plautus in *Pœnulo:*

"*Deum hospitalem* ac tesseram mecum fero."

This was a beautiful exclamation, as those who insulted the speaker were his *guests*, whom he had *hospitably* received into his house. But to say the truth, Shakespeare never makes his people swear at random. Of his propriety in this matter take the following

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, [8] my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. [9] Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

lowing instances. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Æneas, in an expostulation with Diomede, swears *by the hand of his mother Venus*, as a covert reproof for Diomede's brutality in wounding the goddess of beauty in the hand, and a secret intimation that he would revenge her injuries. In *Coriolanus*, when that hero is exasperated at the fickle inconstant temper of the multitude, he swears *by the clouds*: and again, when he meets his wife after a long absence, *by the jealous queen of heaven*; for Juno was supposed the avengeress of conjugal infidelity. In *Othello*, the double Iago is made to swear *by Janus*. And in this very play of *Lear*, a Pagan, much given to judicial astrology, very consonantly to his character, swears:

By all the operations of the orbs,
By whom we do exist, and cease to be. WARBURTON.

[7] *By the kind gods,*———] Shakespeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloster. People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *my hospitable* favours] It is nonsense to understand it of gifts, kindnesses, &c. We should read *favour*, i.e. visage. For *they pluck'd him by the beard*. WARBURTON.

Favours means the same as *features*, i.e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to K. John*:

"Within the compass of man's face we see,
"How many sorts of several *favours* be."

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face. STEEVENS.

[9] *Be simple-answer'd,*——] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer.*—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Late

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. [9] I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand [1] the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs [2].
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain [3].

9 *I am ty'd to the stake,*——] So, in *Macbeth*:
"They have *chain'd me to a stake*; I cannot fly,
"But, bear-like, I must stand the course." STEEVENS.

1 —*the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

2 —stick *boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—*rash* boarish fangs. This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:
"And shields did share, and mailes did *rash*, and helmes did hew."
Again, B. V. c. iii:
"*Rashing* off helmes, and ryving plates asunder."
STEEVENS.

3 —— *to rain.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*.
STEEVENS.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd [3] that ſtern time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels elſe [4] ſubſcrib'd :—But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.

Corn. See it ſhalt thou never :—Fellows, hold the chair :——
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot [5].

[*Gloſter is held down, while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help :——O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

[3] ——*that* ſtern *time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read,——that *dearn* time.——*Dearn* is a north-country word, ſignifying *lonely*, ſolitary, melancholy, far from neighbours. So, in the *Valiant Scot:*

"Of all thy joys the *dearne* and diſmal end."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

"They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride."

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"By many a *dearn* and painful pearch." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſubſcrib'd:*——] Yielded, ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the occaſion. JOHNSON.

[5] *Upon theſe eyes,* &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the ſons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the ſtage, and ſays,

"Yes thou ſhalt live, but never ſee that day,
"Wanting the tapers that ſhould give thee light."

[*Pulls out his eyes.*

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this paſſage to ſhew that Shakeſpeare's drama was not more ſanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, p. ii, 1602. Piero's tongue is torn out on the ſtage. MALONE.

I'd

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain *! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fight; Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus! [*Comes behind, and kills him.*

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants lead Gloster out.*

1st Serv. 7 I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If

* *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

7 *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have

If this man come to good,

2d Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch [8] some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. [9] Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

The

have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall is opposed to extremity by his own servant. JOHNSON.

8 ——— *some flax*, &c.] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609.

" ——— go get *a white of an egg, and a little flax*, and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conducible thing that can be." STEEVENS.

The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

9 *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning is,

The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear [1]:
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. [2] Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts [2].—But who comes here?

Enter Gloſter, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?—[3] World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old

is, '*Tis better* to be *thus contemned, and* known *to yourſelf* to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man diveſts himſelf of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, becauſe he ſuppoſes it incurred only by a voluntary diſguiſe which he can throw off at pleaſure. I do not think any correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that this paſſage ſhould be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worſe*.
The loweſt, &c.

The quarto edition has no ſtop after *flatter'd*. The firſt folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expreſſion in this ſpeech—*owes nothing to thy blaſts*—(in a more learned writer) might ſeem to be copied from Virgil, Æn. xi. 51:

"*Nos juvenem exanimum*, et nil jam cœleſtibus ullis
"Debentem, *vano mæſti comitamur honore.*" TYRWHITT.

[1] ——*lives not in fear.*] So in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. iii.
"For where no hope is left, is left no fear." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*World, world, O world!*
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,]
The reading of this paſſage has been explained, but not ſatisfactorily. My explanation of the poet's ſentiment was, "If the number of changes and viciſſitudes, which happen in life, did not make us *wait*, and hope for ſome turn of fortune for the better,

we

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
4 Our mean secures us; and our meer defects
Prove

we could never support the thought of living to be old, on any other terms." And our duty, as human creatures, is piously inculcated in this reflection of the author. I read therefore, *make us* wait *thee*. THEOBALD.

————————O *world!*
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.]

The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARBURTON.

Yield to signifies no more than *give way to*, *sink under*, in opposition to the *struggling with*, *bearing up against* the infirmities of age. HANMER.

4 *Our mean secures us;*——] i. e. Moderate, mediocre condition. WARBURTON.

Hanmer writes, by an easy change, *meanness* secures us. The two original editions have:

Our *meanes* secures us.——

I do not remember that *mean* is ever used as a substantive for low fortune, which is the sense here required, nor for mediocrity, except in the phrase, the *golden mean*. I suspect the passage of corruption, and would either read:

Our means *seduce* us:

Our

Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch [5],
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! [6] Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old. Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

Our powers of body or fortune draw us into evils. Or,
Our *maims* secure us.———
That hurt or deprivation which makes us defenceless, proves our safeguard. This is very proper in Gloster, newly maimed by the evulsion of his eyes. JOHNSON.

There is surely no reason for alteration. *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies *a middle state*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again in the *Merchant of Venice*, "it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the *mean*." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

5 —— *to see thee in my touch.*] So, in another scene, I *see* it *feelingly*. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *who is't can say, I am at the worst?*
——————————— *the worst is not,*
So long as we can say, This is the worst.]
i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

——————To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune, &c.
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c.
WARBURTON.

I'the

I' the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more ſince:
[7] As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?—
Bad is the trade, that muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
[8] Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]——Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[9] I cannot daub it further. [*Aſide.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

[7] *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*
They kill us for their ſport.] "Dii nos quaſi pilas homines habent."—*Plaut. Captiv. Prol.* l. 22. STEEVENS.

[8] *Ang'ſhing*——] Oxford editor and Dr. Warburton.—Vulg. *Ang'ring*, rightly. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*I cannot* daub *it*——] i. e. Diſguiſe. WARBURTON. So, in *King Richard* III:
"So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhew of virtue."
The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I muſt.
——Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits: Bleſs thee, good man's ſon, from the foul fiend! [Five [1] fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbneſs: *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince [2] poſſeſſes

[1] *Five* fiends, &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. In *Harſnet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account publiſhed by the exorciſts themſelves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorciſt . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confeſſed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had beſides himſelf *ſeaven other ſpirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorciſt) began agayne with great earneſtneſs, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . ſo as both that wicked prince *Modu and his company*, might be caſt out." This paſſage will account *for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* PERCY.

[2] ——*poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.*——] Shakeſpeare has made Edgar, in his feigned diſtraction, frequently allude to a vile impoſture of ſome Engliſh jeſuits, at that time much the ſubject of converſation; the hiſtory of it having been juſt then compoſed with great art and vigour of ſtile and compoſition by Dr. S. Harſenet, afterwards archbiſhop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures to withdraw her Majeſty's Subjects from their Allegiance*, &c. *practiſed by Edmunds, alias Weſton, a Jeſuit, and divers Romiſh Prieſts his wicked Aſſociates:* printed 1603. The impoſture was in ſubſtance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armado againſt England, the jeſuits were here buſy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made ſeveral hundred converts amongſt the common people. The principal ſcene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a ſervant of Anthony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treaſon) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friſwood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the prieſt's hands for cure. But the diſcipline of the patients was ſo long and

feſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bleſs thee, maſter!]

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
[3] Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
[4] That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee

Be-

and ſevere, and the prieſts ſo elate and careleſs with their ſucceſs, that the plot was diſcovered on the confeſſion of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deſervedly puniſhed. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of thoſe who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally ſo ridiculouſly nick-named, that Harſnet has one chapter *on the ſtrange names of their devils*; *leſt*, ſays he, *meeting them otherwiſe by chance, you miſtake them for the names of tapſters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The paſſage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, becauſe I ſuppoſe as the ſtory was forgotten, the jeſt was loſt. JOHNSON.

[3] *Let the ſuperfluous,*—] Lear has before uttered the ſame ſentiment, which indeed cannot be too ſtrongly impreſſed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

[4] *That* ſlaves *your ordinance*—] *Superfluous* is here uſed for one living in abundance. But the next line is corrupt. The only ſenſe I know of, in which *ſlaves your ordinance* can be underſtood, is when men employ the form or ſemblance of religion to compaſs their ill deſigns. But this will not do here. Gloſter is ſpeaking of ſuch who by an uninterrupted courſe of proſperity are grown wanton, and callous to the misfortunes of others: ſuch as thoſe who fearing no reverſe, ſlight and neglect, and therefore may be ſaid to *brave* the ordinance of heaven: which is certainly the right reading. And this is the ſecond time in which *ſlaves* has, in this play, been read for *braves.* WARBURTON.

The emendation is plauſible, yet I doubt whether it be right. The language of Shakeſpeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original uſe. To *ſlave* or *beſlave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity*: in a kindred ſenſe, to *ſlave the ordinance*, may be, to *ſlight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To ſlave an ordinance, is to treat it as a *ſlave*, to make it ſubject to us, inſtead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"—none

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, [5] our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

"————none
"Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale."
Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger:
"————that *slaves* me to his will." STEEVENS.
Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this verb in the same sense:
"What shall I do? my love I will not *slave*
"To an old king, though he my love should crave."
Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:
"Oh powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul!"
MALONE.

[5] ——*our mild husband*] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: [6] Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms [7] at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistresses command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
[8] Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—

[6] —*our wishes, on the way,*
May prove effects.——] I believe the meaning of the passage to be this: "What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or dispatch of her husband.—*On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*I must change* arms, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*change* names. STEEVENS.

[8] *Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,*
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Glöster! [*Exit Edmund.*

O, the difference of man, and man[9]!
To thee a woman's services are due;
[1] My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. [2] I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—[3] I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
[4] Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
[5] She that herself will sliver and disbranch

From

[9] *O, the difference of man and man!*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] *My fool usurps my body.*] One of the quartos reads:
My *foot* usurps my *head*; the other,
My foot usurps my *body*. STEEVENS.

[2] *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus*, I have been worth the whistle, *I have found one that thinks me worth calling.* JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:
"It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling*."
Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having summon'd her to consult with on the present critical occasion. STEEVENS.

[3] ———*I fear your disposition*:] These and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife. POPE.

[4] *Cannot be border'd certain*———] *Certain*, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. WARBURTON.

[5] *She that herself will* shiver *and disbranch*,] Thus all the editions, but the old quarto, that reads *sliver*, which is right. *Shiver*

[6] From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,

And

ver means to shake or fly a-pieces into splinters. As he says afterwards:

Thou'd'st *shiver'd* like an egg.

But *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

————slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse. WARBURTON.

[6] *From her material sap,*——] Thus the old quarto; but *material sap* is a phrase that I do not understand. The *mother-tree* is the true technical term; and considering our author has said but just before, *That nature, which contemns its origin*, there is little room to question but he wrote:

From her *maternal* sap. THEOBALD.

From her material *sap,*——] Thus all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, who alters *material* to *maternal*; and for these wise reasons: *Material sap* (says he) *I own is a phrase that I do not understand. The mother-tree is the true technical term, and considering our author had said just before,* That nature, which contemns its origin, *there is no room to question but he wrote,* From her *maternal* sap. And to prove that we may say *maternal sap*, he gives many authorities from the classics, and says he could *produce more*, where words equivalent to *maternal stock* are used; which is quite another thing, as we shall now see. In making his emendation, the editor did not consider the difference between *material sap*, and *material body*, or trunk or stock: the latter expression being indeed not so well; *material* being a properer epithet for *body*. But the first is right; and we should say, *material sap*, not *maternal*. For *material sap* signifies that whereby a branch is nourished, and increases in bulk by fresh accession of matter. On which account *material* is elegant. Indeed *sap* when applied to the *whole tree*, might be called *maternal*, but could not be so when applied to a branch only. For though *sap* might, in some sense, be said to be *maternal* to the *tree*, yet it is the *tree* that is *maternal* to the *branch*, and not the *sap*: but here the epithet is applied to the *branch*. From all this we conclude that the old reading is the true. But what if, after all, *material* was used by the writers of these times in the very sense of *maternal*? It would seem so by the title of an old English translation of Froissart's Chronicle, which runs in these words, *Syr John Froissart's Chronicle translated out of Frenche into our* material *Englysh Tongue by John Bouchier, printed* 1525.

WARBURTON.

I suppose no reader doubts but the word should be *maternal*. Dr. Warburton has taken great pains without much success, and indeed without much exactness of attention, to prove that *material*

 has

[7] And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick[8],
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
[9] A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
[1] Itself, like monsters of the deep.

has a more proper sense than *maternal*, and yet seemed glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another press that *material* and *maternal* meant the same. JOHNSON.

[7] *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the *use* that witches and inchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

[8] —— *would lick.*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *A man, a prince by him so benefited?*] After this line I suspect a line or two to be wanting, which upbraids her for her sister's cruelty to Gloster. And my reason is, that in her answer we find these words:

Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief ——

which evidently allude to Gloster's case. Now I cannot conceive that she would here apologize for what was not objected to her. And I suppose the players thought the speech too long; which has occasioned throughout, and more particularly in this play, the retrenchment of numerous lines and speeches; many of which have been restored by the care and discernment of Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

Here is a pompous note to support a conjecture apparently erroneous, and confuted by the next scene, in which the account is given for the first time to Albany of Gloster's sufferings.

JOHNSON.

[1] —*like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

Gon.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; [1] that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
[2] Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. [3] Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;

[1] *——that not,* &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *Proper deformity——*] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

[3] *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing,——*] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus;

Thou chang'd, and *self-converted* thing;

but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Slain

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Glofter.

Alb. Glofter's eyes!

Mef. A fervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorfe,
Oppos'd againft the act, bending his fword
To his great mafter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongft them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ftroke, which fince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This fhews you are above,
You jufticers, that thefe our nether crimes
So fpeedily can venge!—But, O poor Glofter!
Loft he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.——
This letter, madam, craves a fpeedy anfwer;
'Tis from your fifter.

Gon. [*Afide.*] ⁴ One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glofter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not fo tart.—I'll read, and anfwer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his fon, when they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickednefs?

Mef. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againft him;
And quit the houfe on purpofe, that their punifhment
Might have the freer courfe.

Alb. Glofter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou fhew'dft the king,

⁴ *One way, I like this well*;] Goneril is well pleafed that Cornwall is deftroyed, who was preparing war againft her and her hufband, but is afraid of lofing Edmund to the widow.
JOHNSON.

And

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

[⁵ SCENE III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and ⁶ *a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back
Know you the reaſon?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gent. The mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonſtration of grief?
Gent. Ay, ſir; ſhe took them, read them in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O, then it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove

⁵ Scene III.] This ſcene, left out in all the common books, is reſtored from the old edition; it being manifeſtly of Shakeſpeare's writing, and neceſſary to continue the ſtory of Cordelia, whoſe behaviour is here moſt beautifully painted. POPE.

This ſcene ſeems to have been left out only to ſhorten the play, and is neceſſary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the firſt folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. JOHNSON.

⁶ —— *a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he ſent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Who

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: [7] her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles [8],
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

7 ———— *her smiles and tears*
Were like a better day.—]

It is plain, we should read,——*a wetter May*,——
i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoclea's*. The same book, in another place, says,——"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read,—*a better* way,—which may be an accidental inversion of the M.

A *better* day, however, is the *best* day, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakespeare himself, in the play before us:

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate
"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again,

"—— Go not my horse the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that:

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
"Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. Her smiles and tears were like a better day, or like a better May, may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So in *All's well that ends Well*, Act. V. Sc. iii. we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

8 ——*smiles.*] The quartos read *smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakespeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

As

As pearls from diamonds dropt [9].—In brief, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.

Kent. [1] Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Yes; once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Siſters! ſiſters!—Shame of ladies! ſiſters!*
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' the ſtorm? i' the night?
[2] *Let pity not be believed!*—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
[3] And clamour moiſten'd her: then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent.

[9] *As pearls from diamonds dropt.*—] A ſimilar thought to this of Shakeſpeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, 1625;

"—— the holy dew lies like a pearl
"Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
"Upon the baſhful roſe."

Milton has tranſplanted this image into his *Lycidas*,

"Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*," STEEVENS.

[1] *Made ſhe no verbal* queſtion?] Dr. Warburton would ſubſtitute *queſt*, from the Latin *queſtus*, i. e. complaint: becauſe, ſays he, what kind of *queſtion* could ſhe make but verbal?

STEEVENS.

I do not ſee the impropriety of *verbal queſtion*: ſuch pleonaſms are common. So we ſay, *my ears have heard*, *my eyes have beheld*. Beſides, where is the word *queſt* to be found? JOHNSON.

Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?] Means only, Did ſhe enter into no converſation with you? In this ſenſe our poet frequently uſes the word *queſtion*, and not ſimply as the act of *interrogation*. Did ſhe give you to underſtand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external teſtimonies of ſorrow?

So in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"—————— ſhe told me
"In a ſweet *verbal* brief, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Let pity not be believ'd*.] i. e. Let not ſuch a thing as pity be ſuppoſed to exiſt! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it!——STEEVENS.

[3] *And clamour-moiſten'd*—] It is not impoſſible but Shakeſpeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony

from

Kent. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;
Elſe [4] one ſelf mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſſed Lear is i' the town:
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir?

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own unkindneſs,
That ſtripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—[5] theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. [6] 'Tis ſo; they are afoot.

from holy writ, in the conduct of Joſeph; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcovered himſelf to his brethren. THEOBALD.

Clamour moiſten'd her;] that is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*one ſelf mate and mate*] The ſame huſband and the ſame wife. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*theſe things ſting him*
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame]
The metaphor is here preſerved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poiſonous animals being a high cauſtic ſalt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

[6] *'Tis ſo they are a-foot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it neceſſary to read, *'tis ſaid*; but the ſenſe is plain, *So it is* that *they are on foot.* JOHNSON.

Kent.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A tent in the camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
[7] With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel [8], and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,

[7] *With* hardocks, *hemlock*, &c.] I do not remember any such plant as a *hardock*, but one of the most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read here; and so Hanmer reads. JOHNSON.

Hardocks should be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

"The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,
"The lilly, and the lady-smocke, &c." FARMER.

In Markham, *of Horses*, 1595, "a *burdock* leaf is mentioned, "*burdock* or *charlock* may be used." STEEVENS.

[8] *Darnel*, according to Gerard, is *the most hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

"That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,
"May choak his grain, &c." STEEVENS.

The

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants [9] the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and [1] important tears, hath pitied.
[2] No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

[9] ——*the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it. JOHNSON.

[1] ———*important*———] In other places of this author for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads, *importuned.* STEEVENS.

[2] *No* blown *ambition*———] No inflated, no swelling pride. Beza on the Spanish armada:

"Quam bene te ambitio mersit vanissima, ventus,
"Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ." JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to Ambition.

Again, in the *Little French Lawyer:*

"I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Regan's palace.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with [3] your lady at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
[4] His nighted life; moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' the enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,

[3] ——*your lady*——] The folio reads, *your lord*; but lady is the firſt and better reading. JOHNSON.

[4] *His nighted life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

[5] Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
[6] She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, [7] I do advise you, take this note:

My

[5] *Let me unseal*, &c.] I know not well why Shakespeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

[6] *She gave strange* œiliads,——] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Cony-catcher*, 1592: speaks of "amorous glances, smirking *ociliades*, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*I do advise, you, take this* note:] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *observe* what I am saying. JOHNSON.

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.]

This passage, by a word's being left out, and a word misplaced, and a full stop put where there should be but a comma, has led all our editors into a very great mistake; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the same play. The emendation is as follows:

Therefore I do advise you, * *take note of this*;
My lord is dead, &c.
If you so find him, pray you give him *this*:

i.e. This answer by word of mouth. The editors, not so regardful of consistency as they ought to have been, ran away with the thought that Regan delivered a letter to the steward; whereas she only desired him to give or deliver so much by word of mouth.

* The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.—"*Sir Toby.* Challenge me the duke's youth, to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall *take note* of it."

And

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—[8] You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would shew
[9] What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

And by this means another blunder as egregious as the former, and arising out of it, presents itself to view in the same act, scene ix.

And give the *letters*, which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund earl of Glofter*, &c.
Edg. Let's see these pockets: the letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.————
[*Reads the letter.*]

Observe, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is Goneril's. Had there been one of Regan's too, the audience no doubt should have heard it as well as Goneril's. But it is plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the Steward had no letter from Regan, but only a message to be delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund earl of Glofter*. So that it is not to be doubted, but the last passage should be read thus:

And give the *letter*, which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund earl of Glofter*.————
Edg. Let's see these pockets: the *letter*, that he speaks of,
May be my friend.————

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent. Gray.

[8] ——— *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. Johnson.

[9] *What party*—] Quarto, *What lady*. Johnson.

[1] SCENE VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter Glofter, and Edgar as a peafant.

Glo. When fhall we come to the top of that fame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible fteep:
Hark, do you hear the fea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other fenfes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguifh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, [2] thy voice is alter'd; and thou fpeak'ft
In better phrafe, and matter, than thou didft.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better fpoken.

Edg. Come on, fir; here's the place:—ftand ftill.—[3] How fearful

And

[1] Scene VI] This fcene, and the ftratagem by which Glofter is cured of his defperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*thy voice is alter'd,* &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to pafs afterwards for a malignant fpirit. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to caft one's eyes fo low!]
This defcription has been much admired fince the time of Addifon, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleafantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The defcription is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmoft excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himfelf affailed by one

And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to [4] her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: The murmuring ſurge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high:—I'll look no more;
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong [5].

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: [6] for all beneath the moon
Would

one great and dreadful image of irreſiſtible deſtruction. But this overwhelming idea is diſſipated and enfeebled from the inſtant that the mind can reſtore itſelf to the obſervation of particulars, and diffuſe its attention to diſtinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the ſamphire-man, and the fiſhers, counteracts the great effect of the proſpect, as it peoples the deſert of intermediate vacuity, and ſtops the mind in the rapidity of its deſcent through emptineſs and horror. JOHNSON.

—*dreadful trade!*] "*Samphire* grows in great plenty on moſt of the ſea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to ſee how people gather it, hanging by a rope ſeveral fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *Hiſt. of Waterford*, p. 315. edit. 1774. TOLLET.

[4] —*her cock*;—] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

"—I cauſed my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at laſt our *cock* and we were caſt aſhore." STEEVENS.

[5] Topple *down headlong.*] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already uſed in *Macbeth*. So, in Naſh's *Lenten-Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——fifty people *toppled* up their heels there." Again: "—he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the ſea." STEEVENS.

[6] —*for all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.]

But

Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good ſir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus [7] with his deſpair?—
'Tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*

But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards*? He who leaps thus muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he roſe. We ſhould read:
Would I not leap *outright*;
i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he muſt needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.
Dr. Warburton would not have written this note, had he recollected a paſſage in *The Wife of Bath*'s Prologue:
"Some let their lechour dight them all the night,
"While that the cors lay on the flore *upright.*" FARMER.
So, in Chaucer's *Monkes Tale*, late edit. v. 14489:
"Judith, a woman, as he lay *upright*
"Sleeping, his hed of ſmote, &c."
Again, v. 15048:
"And in this carte he lith, gaping *upright.*"
Again, in the *Rom. of the Roſe*: v. 1604:
"That made him ſith to lie *upright.*"
Upright has the ſame ſenſe as the Latin *ſupinus*. STEEVENS.
[7] *Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?—*
'Tis done to cure it.]
Perhaps the reading of the folio is better,—
Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done to cure it. STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. Gone, ſir? farewell [8].
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, [9] when life itſelf
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, ſir! friend!—Hear you, ſir?—ſpeak!
[1] Thus might he paſs, indeed:——Yet he revives.
What are you, ſir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. [2] Hadſt thou been aught but goſſomer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
[3] Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fallen;

[8] *Gone, ſir? farewel.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good ſir*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— ——*when life itſelf*
Yields to the theft.————]
When life is willing to be deſtroyed. JOHNSON.

[1] *Thus might he paſs, indeed:*—] Thus he might *die* in reality. We ſtill uſe the word *paſſing* bell. JOHNSON.

[2] *Hadſt thou been aught but* goſſomer, *feathers, air,*] *Goſſomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot ſunny weather. Skinner ſays, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it ſignifies the down of the ſow-thiſtle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

"As ſure ſome wonder on the cauſe of thunder,
"On ebb and flood, on *goſſomer* and miſt,
"And on all things, till that the cauſe is wiſt." Dr. GRAY.

[3] *Ten maſts* at each *make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and ſeeing it corrupt, judiciouſly corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald *reſtores* again the old nonſenſe, *at each*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may ſtand if the word which he uſes were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may ſay:

Ten maſts *on end*——— JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten maſts at* leaſt. STEEVENS.

Thy life's a miracle : Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?
Edg. From the dread ſummit of this [4] chalky bourn :
Look up a-height ;—the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard : do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death ? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm :
Up :—So ;—How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons ; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea [5] ;
It was ſome fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that [6] the cleareſt gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *die*. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould ſay,

[4] —*chalky* bourn :] *Bourn* ſeems here to ſignify a *hill*. Its common ſignification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uſes *boſky bourn*, in the ſame ſenſe perhaps with Shakeſpeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*enridged* ſea.] Thus the 4to. The folio *enraged*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*the cleareſt gods*,—] The pureſt; the moſt free from evil. JOHNSON.

The

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. [7] Bear free and patient thoughts.——But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically drest up with flowers.

[8] The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. [9] That fellow handles his bow like

[7] *Bear free and patient thoughts.*] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloster to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

[8] *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*
His master thus.]

Without doubt Shakespeare wrote:

The *sober* sense,——

i.e. while the understanding is in a right frame it will never thus accommodate its owner; alluding to Lear's *extravagant dress.* Thence he concludes him to be mad. WARBURTON.

I read rather:

The *saner* sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

"Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound or *sane* senses would never suffer him to be thus disguised." JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion
"That does affect it." STEEVENS.

[9] *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] Mr. Pope in his last edition reads *cow-keeper*. It is certain we must read *crow-keeper*. In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow.* THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island. JOHNSON.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

"Or

like a crow-keeper: [1] draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills [2].—[3] O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout; hewgh!——[4] Give the word.

"Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
"To some base rustick do thyself prefer;
"And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
"Practise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper.*"

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace:*

"An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,
"Up to the head drew he," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the* brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

"Which is the constable's house?—
"At the sign of the *brown bill.*"
Blurt Mr. Constable, 1602.

Again, in Marlow's *K. Edw. II.* 1622:

"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
"*Brown bills*, and targetiers, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *O, well flown*, bird!] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. So that we must read, *O, well-flown*, barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* arrow. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the *clout*, sir."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at."

Again, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad One*, 1630;

"——who could miss the *clout*,
"Having such steady aim?"——

The author of *The Revisal* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown:* but it appears that *well-flown bird* was the falconers expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. [5] Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—[6] They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I ſaid!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. [7] When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. [8] The trick of that voice I do well remember;
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cauſe?—
Adultery.——
Thou ſhalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.

[5] —*Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*——] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not ſo forcible. JOHNSON.

[6] —*They flattered me like a dog*;—] They played the ſpaniel to me. JOHNSON.

[7] —*When the rain came to wet me*, &c.] This ſeems to be an alluſion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the ſea. STEEVENS.

[8] *The trick of that voice*—] *Trick* (ſays ſir Tho. Hanmer) is a word frequently uſed for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.* We ſtill ſay "—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of ſpeaking loud, &c." STEEVENS.

To't

To't, luxury [1], pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
[2] Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
[3] The fitchew, [4] nor the soyled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs [5],
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends' [6]; there's hell, there's darkness,
There

[1] *To't luxury, &c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. Sc. ii. STEEVENS.

[2] *Whose face between her* forks—] i. e. Her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky. WARBURTON.

I believe that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face. JOHNSON.

The construction is not "whose face between her *forks*, &c." but "whose face presages snow between her *forks*." So in *Timon*, Act IV. Sc. iii.

"Whose blush does thaw the consecrated snow
"That lies on Dian's lap." *Canons of Criticism.*

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

[3] *The fitchew,* —] A polecat. POPE.

[4] —*nor the* soyled *horse,*—] I read, *stalled horse*. WARBURTON.

Soiled horse is probably the same as *pampered* horse, *un cheval soulé*. JOHNSON.

Soyled horse is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

[5] *Down to the* waist *they're centaurs,*] In the *Malecontent*, is a thought as singular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of night."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Beneath is all the fiends';*] According to Grecian superstition, every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular
deity,

There is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To ſweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes [7]?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this

deity. Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by ſaying:

"And Venus throughe the letcherie
"For whiche thei hir deifie,
"*She kept all doune the remenant*
"*To thilke office appertainant.*" COLLINS.

[7] *What, with the caſe of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without neceſſity. I have reſtored the old reading. The *caſe of eyes* is the *ſocket* of either eye. Statius in his firſt *Thebaid*, has a ſimilar expreſſion. Speaking of Oedipus he ſays:

"Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
"Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
"Pulſat *inane ſolum.*
"*Inane ſolum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci.*"

Shakeſpeare has the expreſſion again in the *Winter's Tale:*
"—they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear *the caſes* of their eyes." STEEVENS.

world

world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.——

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
[8] Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; [9] I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

[8] *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*——] From *hide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revisal. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*I'll able 'em:*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:
"Set all my life after thyne ordinances,
"And *able me* to mercie or thou deme."
But the Oxford Editor alters it to *absolve*. WARBURTON.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612.
"Admitted! ay, into her heart, and *I'll able it.*" STEEVENS.

I know

I know thee well enough; thy name is Glofter:
Thou muft be patient; we came crying hither.
[1] Thou know'ft, the firft time that we fmell the air,
We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ftage of fools;——[2] This a good block?—

It

[1] *Thou know'ft, the firft time that we fmell the air,
We wawle and cry.*——]

"Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eft
"Cui tantum in vitâ reftat tranfire malorum." *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *This a good block?*] I do not fee how this *block* correfponds either with his foregoing or following train of thoughts. Madmen think not wholly at random. I would read thus, *a good flock*. *Flocks* are wool moulded together. The fentence then follows properly:

It were a delicate ftratagem to fhoe
A troop of horfe with felt;——

i. e. with *flocks* kneaded to a mafs, a practice I believe fometimes ufed in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariofto*:

"——Fece nel cader ftrepito quanto
"Aveffe avuto fotto i piedi il *feltro*."

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and ftrain it to the purpofe predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks to furprize his enemies by a troop of horfe fhod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may ftand, if we fuppofe that the fight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horfe. JOHNSON.

This a good block?——] Dr. Johnfon's explanation of this paffage is very ingenious; but, I believe, there is no occafion to adopt it, as the fpeech itfelf, or at leaft the action that fhould accompany it, will furnifh all the connection which he has fought from an extraneous circumftance. Upon the king's faying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet feems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of thofe times (whom I have feen fo reprefented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raifes the ftratagem in his brain of fhoeing a troop of horfe with a fubftance foft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him ftart from his preachment.— *Block* anciently fignified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and fometimes the hat itfelf.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"He

It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even

"He weares his faith but as the faſhion of his *hat*; it
"changes with the next *block*."
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons:*
"I am ſo haunted with this broad-brim'd *hat*
"Of the laſt progreſs *block*, with the young hatband."
Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, deſcribing a *neat companion*, ſays, "he weareth a hat of a high *blocke*, and a broad brimme."
So in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:
"His head will be made ſerve a bigger *block*."
So in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:
"——— we have *blocks* for all heads."
Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:
"——— Where did you buy your *felt?*
"Nay, never laugh, for you're in the ſame *block*."
Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "I cannot keep a *block* private, but every citizen's ſon thruſts his head into it."
Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:
"Your hat is of a better *block* than mine."
Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Tho' now your block-head be cover'd with a Spaniſh *block*."
Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:
"——my haberdaſher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*, &c."
Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—that cannot obſerve the time of his hatband, nor know what faſhion'd *block* is moſt kin to his head; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuſe his *felt* well, &c."
Again, in *Run and a great Caſt*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to, without date. *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum:*
"A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;
"So much the fitter for his head by that." STEEVENS.

The

The natural fool of fortune [2].——Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, [3] a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Gent. Good sir, [4]——

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. [5] Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an you get it,
You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

[2] *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"O, I am *fortune's* fool!" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a man of salt,*] Would make a man melt away like salt in wet weather. JOHNSON.

I believe, *a man of salt* is *a man made up of tears.* In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we meet with—your *salt tears'* head; and in *Troilus and Cressida*, the *salt* of broken tears.
Again, in *Coriolanus:*
"He has betray'd your business, and giv'n up,
"For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome." MALONE.

[4] Gent. *Good sir,*——] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:
——a *smug* bridegroom—— STEEVENS.

[5] *Then there's life in't.*——] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; [7] the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows [8];
[9] Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,

[7] ——*the main descry*
Stands on the hourly thought.]
The *main* body is *expected* to be *descry'd* every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*made* tame to *fortune's blows.*] The quartos read:
——made *lame by* fortune's blows. STEEVENS.

[9] *Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,*] i.e. Sorrows past and present; but the Oxford Editor loses all this sense by altering it to,
——knowing and feeling. WARBURTON.

Briefly

[1] Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, [2] go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, [3] che vor'ye, or ise try whether [4] your costard or my bat [5] be the harder: Chi'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; [6] no matter vor your foyns. [*Edgar knocks him down.*

[1] *Briefly thyself remember.*—] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARBURTON.

[2] —*go your gait*,—] *Gang your gate* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismission, their phrase was, *gang your gaits.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*che vor'ye*,—] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

[4] —*your* costard,—] *Costard*, i. e. head. So, in *K. Rich.* III:
"Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword."
STEEVENS.

[5] —*my* bat,] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser:*
"——a handsome *bat* he held
"On which he leaned, as one far in eld."
So, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:
"With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains."
Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"——let every thing be ready,
"And each of you a good *bat* on his neck." STEEVENS.

[6] —*no matter vor your* foins.] *To foyn*, is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakespeare often uses the word.
STEEVENS.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:——O, untimely death, death!—— [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:——
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
[7] To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant [8],
Goneril.

[7] *To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;*
Their papers are more lawful.] This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

The quarto reads, *we'd* rip their hearts, and so I have printed it. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*affectionate servant.*] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: "——and for you her owne for *venter*, Gonorill." STEEVENS.

O un-

[9] O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will!——
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the ſands,
[1] Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of [2] the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.
[*Exit Edgar, removing the body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, [3] and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be [4] ſever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's* wit!] So the firſt quarto reads, but the firſt folio better, *will.* I have no idea of the meaning of the firſt reading, but the other is extremely ſatirical; the *varium & mutabile ſemper*, of Virgil, more ſtrongly and happily expreſſed. The mutability of a woman's *will*, which is ſo ſudden, that there is no ſpace or diſtance between the preſent *will* and the next. Honeſt Sancho explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el ſi y el no de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d'alfiler. Between a woman's* yes *and* no *I would not undertake to thruſt a pin's point.* WARBURTON.

[1] *Thee I'll rake up,*——] I'll *cover* thee. In Staffordſhire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*the death-practis'd duke:*] The duke of Albany, whoſe death is machinated by *practice* or treaſon. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*and have* ingenious feeling] *Ingenious feeling* ſignifies a feeling from an underſtanding not diſturbed or diſordered, but which, repreſenting things as they are, makes the ſenſe of pain the more exquiſite. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*ſever'd*——] The quartos read *fenced.* STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

A tent in the French camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And [4] every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. [5] Be better suited:
[6] These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, [7] shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.——
How does the king? [*To the Physician.*

[4] ——*every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

[5] *Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better drest, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

[6] *These weeds are memories of those worser hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense, *As You Like It*, act II. sc. 3:
"O, my sweet master! O you *memory*
"Of old sir Rowland!" -- STEEVENS.
So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:
"A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door." MALONE.

[7] ——*shortens my made intent;*] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I suppose Shakespeare wrote—laid *intent*, i. e. projected. WARBURTON.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

Phys.

Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
[8] Of this child-changed father!

Phyſ. So pleaſe your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Lear is brought in in a chair.

Gent. [9] Ay, madam; in the heavineſs of his ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.

Phyſ. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. [1] Very well.

Phyſ. Pleaſe you, draw near.—Louder the muſic there!

Cor. O my dear father! [2] Reſtoration, hang

[8] *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. STEEVENS.

[9] *Ay, madam, &c.*] The folio gives theſe four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) gives the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two firſt, which beſt belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Phyſician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more ſuitable to his profeſſion. STEEVENS.

[1] *Very well.*] This and the following line I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] ———Reſtoration, *hang*
Thy medicine on my lips; ———]
This is fine. She invokes the goddeſs of health, Hygieia, under the name of *Reſtauration*, to make her the miniſter of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's loſt ſenſes.
WARBURTON.

Reſtoration is no more than *recovery* perſonified. STEEVENS.

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
*[3] To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? [4] to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm*? [5] Mine enemy's dog,

[3] The lines within the asterisks are omitted in the folio.

[4] ——*To watch* (*poor* perdue:)
With this thin helm?] It ought to be read and pointed thus:
——To watch, poor *perdu!*
With this thin helm?——
The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfans perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*; *perdue*, which is the common reading, being the feminine. These *enfans perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds, With this thin helm? i. e. bareheaded. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Paulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says, "Hos ab immoderata fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in summo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that those who deserved so well of their country for exposing themselves to certain danger, should be sent out, *summa admiratione*, and yet slightly and badly armed.

The same allusion occurs in sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:
"——I have endur'd
"Another night would tire a *perdu*,
"More than a wet furrow and a great frost."
Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary:*
"——as for *perdues*,
"Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish
"Among some fennel or some other grass,
"Shews how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine *injurious* dog. Possibly the poet wrote,—Mine *injurer*'s dog. STEEVENS.

Though

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
[6] Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:——
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
[7] I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:——

[6] *Had not concluded all.*——] All what? we should read and point it thus:

Had not concluded.——Ah!——

An exclamation on perceiving her father wake. WARBURTON.

The plain construction is this: *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not all ended.*—JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

"Ne spared they to strip her naked *all*."

Again, in *Timon*:

"And dispossess her *all*." STEEVENS.

[7] *I am mightily abus'd.*——] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

No,

[8] No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me [9]:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
[1] I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

[8] *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakespeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. STEEVENS.

[9] *Pray do not mock me.*] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act V:
"——Let no man mock me,
"For I will kiss her." STEEVENS.

[1] *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:
I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

You

You see, [2] is cur'd in him: [[3] and yet it is danger
[4] To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* [5] Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] *Exit.*

[2] —*is cur'd*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, —is *kill'd*. STEEVENS.

[3] *And yet*, &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[4] *To make him even o'er the time*—] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehension. WARBURTON.

[5] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper if not necessary; and was omitted by the author, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp of the British forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full [6] of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring [7] his constant pleasure.
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
[*Reg.* [8] But have you never found my brother's way
To the [9] fore-fended place?

6 —— *of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads, —— *of abdication.* STEEVENS.

7 —— *his* constant *pleasure.*] His settled resolution. JOHNSON.

8 *But have you never, &c.*] The *first* and *last* of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the *Bastard* by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falshood. Query, however, whether Shakespeare meant us to believe that Edmund had *actually* found his way to the fore-fended place. STEEVENS.

9 —— fore-fended *place?*] *Fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And [1] bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.——
[2] Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With

[1] —— bosom'd with her,—] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp
"And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son
"That night he *bosom'd* Helen."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"With fair Alcmena, she that never *bosom'd*
"Mortal, save thee." STEEVENS.

[2] *Sir, this I hear,—to—make oppose,—*] This is a very plain speech, and the meaning is, The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him, but as he *holds*, entertains, and supports the king, and *others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppose* us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Theobald, by an unaccountable turn of thought, reads the fourth line thus,

I never yet was valiant: *'fore* this business, &c.

puts the two last lines in a parenthesis, and then paraphrases the whole in this manner. "Sir, it concerns me (though not the king and the discontented party) to question about your interest in our

With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out [3]. [Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant [4]: for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
[5] Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
[6] For theſe domeſtic and particular broils
[7] Are not to queſtion here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

[8] *Edm.* I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

our ſiſter, and the event of the war." What he means by this I am not able to find out; but he gives a reaſon why his reading and ſenſe ſhould be preferred. *And Regan and Goneril in their replies ſeem both apprehenſive that this ſubject was coming into debate.* Now all that we can collect from *their replies* is, that they were apprehenſive he was going to blame their cruelty to Lear, Gloſter, and others; which it is plain from the common reading and the ſenſe of the laſt line, he was.

Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.— WARBURTON.

[3] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *Where I could not be honeſt,*
I never yet was valiant:——]
This ſentiment has already appear'd in *Cymbeline:*
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward. STEEVENS.

[5] *Not* bolds *the king*;——] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This buſineſs* (ſays Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not* as it *bolds the king*, &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to aſſert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycke Scorner*,
"Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me!" STEEVENS.

[6] *For theſe domeſtic and particular broils*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,
For theſe domeſtic doore particulars. STEEVENS.

[7] *Are not to queſtion here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
Are not *the* queſtion here. STEEVENS.

[8] *Edm.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio." STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aſide.*] O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar diſguiſed.

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.——Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
[*] Here is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces
By diligent diſcovery;—but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. [1] We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung

* Here *is the gueſs*, &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the gueſs. So the quartos. But had the diſcovery been diligent, the gueſs could not have proved ſo difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

[1] *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occaſion. JOHNSON.

Are

Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I [2] carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: [3] for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

[4] *Enter Edgar, and Gloster.*

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

[2] ——*carry out my side.*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie, to take his resolution.* JOHNSON.

So in the *Honest Man's Fortune* by B. and Fletcher:
"—— and *carry out*
"A world of evils with thy title." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*for my state*
Stands on me, &c.]
I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as* for my state *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and support.* JOHNSON.

[4] The reader, who is curious to know how far Shakespeare was indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled,— "The pitifull state and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind father." P. 141. edit. 1590. quarto. STEEVENS.

If

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

[*Alarum, and retreat within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
[5] Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too [6]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

[5] *Ripeness is all.—*] i. e. To be *ready, prepared,* is all. The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet,* scene the last:
"——if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
[7] And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, [8] packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. [9] Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
[1] And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

[7] *And take upon us the mystery of things,*
As if we were God's spies.——] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*packs and sects*——] Packs is used for *combinations* or *collection*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *sects*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. *Sect*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

[9] *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*
The gods themselves throw incense.——] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus." WARBURTON.

[1] *And fire us hence, like foxes.*——] I have been informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes.
So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book xxvii. stan. 17:
"Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *smoke and fire* doth fright
"So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
"Bolts out, and through the *smoke and fire* he flieth
"Into the tarier's mouth and there he dieth."
Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"——my walk, and all,
"You *smoke* me from, as if I were a *fox*." STEEVENS.

The

[2] The goujeers shall devour them, [3] flesh, and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—[4] Thy great employment
Will

[2] *The* goujeers *shall devour them,*———] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes "With a *good yeare* to thee!" and gives it in Italian, "Il *mal' anno* che dio ti dia." FARMER.

[3] ———*flesh and fell,*] Flesh and skin. JOHNSON.

———*flesh and fell,*] So, Skelton's works, p. 257.

"Nakyd asyde
"Neither *flesh nor fell*."

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones*:

"And said that he and all his kinne at once,
"Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bone*."

Troilus and Cresseide. GRAY.

In the *Dyar's Play*, among the Chester *Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Antichrist* says:

"I made thee man of *flesh* and *fell*." STEEVENS.

[4] ———Thy *great employment*
Will not bear question;———] Mr. Theobald could not let this alone, but would alter it to

———*My* great employment,

Because (he says) the person spoken to was of no higher degree than a captain. But he mistakes the meaning of the words. By *great employment* was meant the *commission* given him for the murder; and this, the Bastard tells us afterwards, was signed by Goneril and himself. Which was sufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* for the execution. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I apprehend, is, not that the captain was not *accountable* for what he was about to do, but, that the important business he now had in hand, did not admit of *debate*: he must instantly

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. [5] I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
[6] And turn our imprest lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear

instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places in these plays, signifies *discourse—conversation.* See *Hamlet*, act I: "Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape."—and the note there. MALONE.

[5] *I cannot draw*, &c.] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

[6] *And turn our* imprest *lances in our eyes,*] i. e. Turn the *launce-men* which are *pressed* into our service, against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. vii:
"——— people
"Ingrost by swift *impress*" STEEVENS.

Where

Where you shall hold your session. [[7] At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:——
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
[8] Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
[9] Bore the commission of my place and person;
[1] The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
[2] In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint [3].

[7] *At this time,* &c.] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

[8] *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

[9] *Bore the* commission *of*——] *Commission*, for authority. WARBURTON.

[1] *The which* immediacy——] *Immediacy*, for representation. WARBURTON.

Immediacy is rather *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

[2] *In his own grace*——] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

[3] *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.*] Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; [4] the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. [5] The let alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason;—Edmund, I arrest
thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest[6], [*Pointing to Gon.*
This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. [7] An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
sound:—
If none appear to prove upon thy person[8]
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,

[4] —— *the walls are thine*:] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. But the Oxford Editor, for a plain reason alters it to:
———— *they all* are thine. WARBURTON.

[5] *The let alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*thy arrest.*] The quartos read—*thine attaint.* STEEVENS.

[7] *An interlude!*———] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*thy person.*] The quartos read—thy *head.* STEEVENS.

Ere

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust [9] poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald [1]!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet [2]. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, [3] within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

9 ——*poison.*] The folio reads *medicine*. STEEVENS.

1 ——*a herald.*] This speech I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

2 *Sound trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

3 ——*within the* lists *of the army*,——] The quartos read: ——within the *host* of the army.——. STEEVENS.

Edm. Sound. [1 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers, within.*

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble [2], as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
[3] Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My

[2] *Yet am I noble*, &c.] One of the quartos reads:
——yet *are I mou't*
Where is the adversarie I come to cope withal?
—*are I mou't*, is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it*.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profession.——]
The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary,

My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
[4] Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
[5] And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay

cessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read,—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Conspirant 'gainst*——] The quartos read:
Conspicuate *'gainst*—— STEEVENS.

[5] *And that thy tongue some* 'say *of breathing breathes*;] *'Say*, for *essay*, some shew or probability. POPE.

Say is sample, a taste. So, in *Sidney*:
"So good a *say* invites the eye
"A little downward to espy——;"
Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588:
"Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*."
Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:
"————But pray do not
"Take the first *say* of her yourselves—"
Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger:
"——or to take
"A *say* of venison or stale fowl—"
Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolsey) made dukes and erles to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken, &c."
STEEVENS.

By

By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever.—Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.*

[6] *Alb.* Save him, ſave him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloſter:
By the law of arms, [7] thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it:—Hold, ſir:—
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who ſhall arraign me for't?

Alb. [8] Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I know. [*Exit Gon.*

[6] Alb. *Save him, ſave him!*
Gon. *This is mere practice, Gloſter:*]
Thus all the copies; but I have ventured to place the two hemiſtichs to Goneril. 'Tis abſurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treaſons, and his own wife's paſſion for him, ſhould be ſolicitous to have his life ſaved. THEOBALD.

He deſired that Edmund's life might be ſpared at preſent, only to obtain his confeſſion, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

[7] —*thou waſt not bound to anſwer*] One of the quartos reads:
——thou *art* not bound to *offer*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?*] So the quarto; but the folio:
Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou, &c. JOHNSON.

"Knoweſt thou theſe letters?" ſays Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he ſhews her both her own and her ſiſter's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which ſhe ſnatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. [1] Let us exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments [2] to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come [3] full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!

[1] *Let us exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:
"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet, &c."
JOHNSON.

[2] —*to scourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
—to *plague* us. STEEVENS.

[3] —*full circle;*—] Quarto, *full circled.* JOHNSON.

That

[4] That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[[5] *Edg.* [6] —This would have seem'd a period

To

[4] *That we the pain of death would hourly* bear,
Rather than die at once) ——]
The folio reads,
That *we* the pain of death would hourly *die.*
Mr. Pope, whom I have followed, reads,
———— ———— would hourly *bear.*
The quartos give the passage thus:
That *with* the pain of death would hourly *die,*
Rather than die at once)—— STEEVENS.

[5] *Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.
JOHNSON.

[6] ——*This would have seem'd a period*
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too *much, would make much more,*
And top extremity! ————
The reader easily sees that this reflection refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had said enough.

To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but, another;—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity:——
Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but then, finding
Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; [7] threw him on my father;
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, ſir, the baniſh'd Kent; who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.]

enough. But it is corrupted into miſerable nonſenſe. We ſhould read it thus:

——This would have ſeem'd a period. But ſuch
As love to amplify another's ſorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmoſt of my ſufferings; but ſuch as love cruelty are always for adding much to more, till they reach the extremity of miſery. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe may probably be this. *This would have ſeemed a period to ſuch as love not ſorrow; but,—another*, i. e. but I muſt add *another*, i. e. another period, another kind of concluſion to my ſtory, ſuch as will increaſe the horrors of what has been already told.

So in *King Richard* II:

I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt—— STEEVENS.

[7] ——*threw him on my father*;] The quartos read,
"——threw *me* on my father."

The modern editors have corrected the paſſage, as it is now printed. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means this bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;
It came even from the heart of——O! she's dead [8]!
Alb. Who, man? speak [9].
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgment [1] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——
Edg. [2] Here comes Kent, sir.
Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!——

[8] ——*O! she's dead!*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *Who, man, speak?*] The folio reads, *Who dead? speak man.* STEEVENS.

[1] *This judgment,* &c.] If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

Speak,

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run——
Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
[3] Give it the captain.
Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
[4] That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Enter Lear, with [5] Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;

Had

[3] *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:
——Take my sword, the captain,
Give it the captain.—— STEEVENS.

[4] *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, act V:
"——did, with desperate hand,
"*Fordo* his own life.—— STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according to

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack :—O, ſhe is gone for ever !—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glaſs ;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. [6] Or image of that horror ?

Alb. [7] Fall, and ceaſe !

Lear.

to the old hiſtorians, retired with victory from the battle which ſhe conducted in her father's cauſe, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a ſubſequent one fought againſt her (after the death of the old king) by the ſons of Goneril and Regan, ſhe was taken, and died miſerably in priſon. The poet found this in hiſtory, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatic writers of this age ſuffered as ſmall a number of their heroes and heroines to eſcape as poſſible ; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakeſpeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

[6] *Or image, &c.*] Theſe two exclamations are given to Edgar and Albany in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the perſons on the ſtage; but they are very obſcure. JOHNSON.

Or image of that horror?] In the firſt folio this ſhort ſpeech of Edgar (which ſeems to be only an addition to the preceding one of Kent) has a full ſtop at the end. *Is this concluſion*, ſays Kent, *ſuch as the preſent turn of affairs ſeemed to promiſe? Or is it only*, replies Edgar, *a repreſentation of that horror which we ſuppoſe to be real?* A ſimilar expreſſion occurs at the beginning of the play.—*I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the* image and horror *of it.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Fall, and ceaſe!*] This exclamation of Albany, like the other, may have a meaning affixed to it. He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miſeries he muſt ſurvive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having theſe images preſent to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and ceaſe to be, at once, than continue in exiſtence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *ceaſe* is uſed for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majeſty is called " the *ceaſe* of majeſty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe!*

" Both

Lear. This feather ſtirs [8]; ſhe lives! if it be ſo,
It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day [9], with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

"Both ſuffer under this complaint you bring,
"And both ſhall *ceaſe*, without your remedy."
STEEVENS.

[8] *This feather ſtirs;*—] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
"Fetch a looking-glaſs, ſee if his breath will not ſtain it; or pull ſome *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips."
STEEVENS.

[9] *I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion*
I would have made them ſkip——]
It is difficult for an author who never peruſes his firſt works, to avoid repeating ſome of the ſame thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has juſt ſaid, had been anticipated by Juſtice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I have ſeen the time with my long ſword I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:
"——————I have ſeen the day
"That with this little arm and this good ſword
"I have made my way, &c." STEEVENS.

Lear. [1] This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same; your servant Kent:
Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first [2] of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have [3] fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says [4]; and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

[1] *This is a dull sight.*——] This passage is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. WARBURTON.

The quartos read
That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

[3] ——fore-doom'd *themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,——*fordone.*
Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy. So, in *Taylor*, the water-poet's character of a strumpet:
"So desperately had ne'er *fordone* themselves."
Again, in *A Warning for faire Women*, &c. 1599: "Speak; *who has done this deed? thou hast not fordone thyself, hast thou?*" STEEVENS.

[4] ——*he* says.] The quartos read——he *sees*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

You

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
[5] What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[To Edgar.
[6] With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. [7] And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
[8] Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
Do

[5] *What comfort to this great decay, may come,*] Decay, for desolation. WARBURTON.

This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majesty*. STEEVENS.

[6] *With boot,—*] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

[7] *And my poor fool is hang'd!——*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there. STEEVENS.

[8] *Pray you, undo this button.——*] The rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1619:

"——— oh my heart!——
"It beats so it has *broke my buttons*."

Again, in *K. Richard* III:

"———Ah, cut my lace asunder,
"That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
"Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
"Break too!"———

Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there!—— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints;—My lord, my lord,——

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord,

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world [9]
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. [1] Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To Kent, and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and [2] I must not say, no.

Alb. [3] The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weather-cock*, 1612:

"——swell heart! *buttons* fly open!
"Thanks gentle doublet,—else my heart had broke."
STEEVENS.

9 —*this* tough *world.*] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. STEEVENS.

1 —— *Friends of my soul,*——] A Spanish phrase. *Amigo de mi alma.* WARBURTON.

2 ——*I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

3 *The weight of this sad time,* &c.] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the ex-

trusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided †. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his

† Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa *Diis* placuit, sed victa *Catoni*. STEEVENS.

daugh-

daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakespeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

A lamentable SONG *of the Death of King Leir and his Three Daughters.*

[1] King Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increaſe.
Amongſt thoſe things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely ſeeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A queſtion thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could ſhew the deareſt love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindeſt will appear.

To whom the eldeſt thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth ſhe,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood ſhall render'd be:
And for your ſake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I ſee your reverend age
The ſmalleſt grief ſuſtain.

1 *King Leir, &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. I. Third Edit. STEEVENS.

And

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid;
  Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
  I'll gently undertake:
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
  With diligence and love;
That ſweet content and quietneſs
  Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
  The aged king reply'd;
But what ſayſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
  How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
  Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
  And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhew no more, quoth he,
  Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
  When as no more I find:
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
  Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
  By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters loves are more
  Then well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
  My kingdome and my land,
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
  That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
  Until my dying day.

Thus

Thus flatt'ring ſpeeches won renown
By theſe two ſiſters here:
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an Engliſh town.

Until at laſt in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters ſtaid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full ſoon the ſame decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him:
So took ſhe all away;
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer ſtay.

Am

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My fecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faft he hies then to her court;
Where when fhe hears his moan
Return'd him anfwer, That fhe griev'd
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ftay
Within her kitchen, he fhould have
What fcullions gave away.



When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his anfwer then;
In what I did [illegible] be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not ufe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder fort.

Where when fhe came, fhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She faid) he would not ftay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What fcullion boys fet by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
  Which ſhe had promiſed late :
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
  Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
  He wander'd up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
  That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
  His youngeſt daughter's words,
That ſaid, the duty of a child
  Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
  Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
  He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
  And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
  With age and honour ſpread :
To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
  He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and ſenſeleſs things,
  Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſs'd with diſcontents,
  He paſſed o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there
  To find ſome gentler chance :
Moſt virtuous dame ! which when ſhe heard
  Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
  Him comfort and relief :

And

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſs king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where ſhe, true hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle ſlain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſs'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who dy'd indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The ends of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents;
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE NINTH.